THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1831, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY MAY 6, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 42.

FATE.

BY EMILY FRAZER.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And those o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shaping every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each others' eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied; and this is fate.

"SHIP AHOY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"VERY, very, very bad, my darling," said the old man, sadly. "But don't you be alarmed, my pretty. You sha'n't hurt. I've saved twenty five thousand dollars—nearly six—and it's all for you now, though I did mean it to help him. You sha'n't come to poverty my, darling, while Tudge has a dollar to the good."

"But why, why would you not let papa have it if he wanted it?" said May.

"Why, my dear?—because he's losing himself. He's forsaking my advice, which never failed him, and going by what that Longdale says."

"But Mr. Longdale advises him well."

"To lose every penny he has to make his name stink like carrion!" cried Tudge, angrily.

"Mr. Longdale ought to be hung—I—I—I—there, I believe I'd do it myself—I'd hang him."

"Oh, Mr. Tudge."

"Well, don't he deserve it? And as for his partner—that Merritt—"

"Oh!"

"Just like me. I might have known that I should do it. Serve me right, for talking of business matters before people, and out of office."

"It was nothing," said May recovering herself; "but please, Mr. Tudge, don't say anything about Mr. Merritt. You forget that I am engaged to be married to him."

"Oh, no, no my precious, don't—don't say that. I did hope it was all off."

"Papa wishes it," said May, sadly.

"But you—you never fell in love with him," said Tudge, earnestly.

May shook her head sadly.

"Then you sha'n't marry him," said Tudge.

"Papa wishes it," said May; "and he tells me all these reports are false about Mr. Merritt."

"Ah, my child," said the old man, "I did hope things would have turned out different to this.

"I did hope to have lived to see you and John Anderson man and wife, and to have kissed and blessed your little ones before I cast up my last accounts, and gave in my balance-sheet to the God who made me, and said, 'That's the best I could make of it, and I wish the returns were better.' But now all seems to be going wrong; and if you marry that Merritt—There, my pretty one, don't," he cried, excitedly.

"I'll go down on my knees and beg you not to, if you like—don't marry him; be an old bachelor like me—no, I don't mean that, I mean an old, old—dear, dear, the account's muddled—I mean be an old maid—anything but Philip Merritt's wife."

"Dear Mr. Tudge," said May, sadly, "papa believes in Mr. Merritt. He has promised him, and we have been long engaged. I must marry him. And, besides, he assures me that there is no truth in those reports."

"And Mr. Longdale backs him up," said Tudge.

"Yes," said May, simply.

"God help you, my child!" said Tudge, fervently; and without any attempt at concealment, he drew out a great bandanna and wiped his eyes.

"I don't know, though," he added, "that I need much mind; for there was but one man in the world, and he's"——gulp——"dead."

There was a pause of a few moments' duration, and then May said, softly—

"Are papa's affairs in a very bad state?"

"Horrible!" said Tudge, ruefully. "It's heart-breaking, my dear, Loss after loss. The poor May gone—your namesake; and he so infatuated that he's making advances to these people, Rutherby's. And he won't see that the money loss isn't all, but his name is being so mixed up with Rutherby's that he's gone—blown on with Lloyd's. Our house was the finest name in the City last year, and now—It's very weak of me, my child," said the old man, wiping his eyes; "but it's heart-breaking to see one's life's labor spoiled by villains."

"And—if it is true—has Mr. Longdale much influence with papa?"

"My dear, it's come to this: he's twined himself slowly round him like a snake, and fascinated him; and your poor father can't shake him off. There, I won't say any more."

May pressed him to stay and have some tea, but he refused; and though she asked him other questions, the old man would say no more, and soon after he took his leave.

* * * * * *

"And do you really wish it, papa?" said May laying her hand on his arm.

"Yes—yes, my dear, I do indeed. Poor Philip has been begging very hard, and I promised him that I would do all I could."

"Do you think it possible that the Victrix or the other men have been saved?"

"Now my dear child, why rake that up? You know she was lost, and poor Anderson with her. It's too bad of you," he added, weakly—"it is indeed, knowing as you do how I am mixed up now with Rutherby's, to go raking up those wretched stories about the ships."

"I was not raking up the old stories, papa," said May. "I only wanted to feel sure that—that the Victrix had sunk."

"Sunk, yes," said the old man, bitterly; "and so did the Merry May, It's horrible how unlucky I've been of late! But we are going to do wonders, my dear—wonders. You shall have such a fortune, my child. Mr. Longdale tells me that we shall."

"Dear papa, do you think Mr. Longdale is to be trusted?"

"Now, my dear child, how can you be so wilful, so absurd? What can be more nonsensical than for you to meddle with shipping matters—with City affairs? It's childish in the extreme."

May was silent.

"But about this wedding. Merritt wants it to come off at Christmas. What do you say?"

May sat silent and dreamy.

"My dear, this wedding. What do you say?"

Again there was a pause, and then May laid her hands upon the old man's shoulders, and looked into his dim eyes, his livid face; and shivered as she saw the alteration made in a few months.

"Papa, dear," she said, "suppose I were to tell Mr. Merritt that I would not marry him?"

"What?"

"Suppose" repeated May, in a clear, cold, cutting voice, "I were to tell Mr. Merritt that I would not marry him—what then?"

"May—May!" gasped the old man, trembling with anxiety and passion, "you've been plotting with somebody. That scoundrel Tudge has been here, I know he has. I heard so, and he has urged you to this disobedience. I—"

"No one has had any influence on me, papa, in this," said May, calmly. "I only ask you, before I give my consent to marry Mr. Merritt, what effect it would have you if I were to refuse."

"I should be bankrupt."

"Bankrupt?"

"Yes, ruined. I can't help it, my child, but I've gone wrong somehow; and this will set me right. In spite of all that has been said, I believe Merritt and Longdale to be honorable gentlemen, and I would not believe to the contrary unless some one came back from the dead to tell me they were not."

"Do you say, papa," said May, in a hard, cold voice, "that my wedding would save you from ruin?"

"Yes, my child. It must be you or the other May. But one is lost and the other remains. May my darling would you see your old father dishonored?"

"No," said May, kissing him gently on the forehead.

"And then, I may tell Philip that he may come?"

"Yes," said May sadly; and she laid her hand upon a bow of crape at her bosom.

"And it shall be at Christmas?"

"Yes, father," said May, in a cold stony way.

"Bless you, my child—bless you!" mumbled the old man, folding her in his arms, and kissing her tenderly.

"Stop," said May, suddenly. "No! I will give you my answer to-morrow."

"But, my child—"

"I will give you my answer to-morrow, papa. I ask only for twenty four hours' grace."

The old man muttered some objection, and then left for the City; while May, as soon as he was gone, had a cab fetched, and went to Mrs. Garnett's.

She stayed with her an hour, and then went on to Mrs. Anderson's to find the old lady sitting, very calm and stern, in a corner of her room; and here too she stayed an hour.

Dinner was just over at Canonbury, and May had risen to go to the drawing-room.

"May, my child," said Mr. Halley, "you will not trifle with me? I have told Mr. Merritt that he shall have your answer to-morrow."

"Mr. Merritt could have had it to-night, papa," she said, sadly; as she bent down and kissed his forehead.

"And—and—"

"And the answer would be this—I have no one to care for now."

"My child—May—what are you thinking of?"

"Of Captain John Anderson, father—of the brave, true man whom I have learned to love with my whole heart—of the dead, father. And now Mr. Philip Merritt shall have his wish. Father, you tell me that it is necessary for your peace of mind that I should marry this man?"

"Yes, my darling—yes, indeed it is. I may tell him then? He will make you a good, loving husband."

May recalled the denunciation of Mrs. Anderson, and shuddered.

"Oh, papa, papa! is there no hope?"

"For me, none," said the old man, sadly. "And Merritt is to be here to-morrow. What shall I say?"

"Say?" said May mournfully. "Say?—say yes."

* * * * * *

"And did you promise, my dear?" said Tudge, who had come up to Canonbury with a private ledger in a black bag.

"Yes," said May, sadly.

"Then you shall have your promise back, or I'll know the reason why. But tell me this, little one—do you care for him at all?"

May shook her head.

"That's enough," said Tudge. "I see my way clearly enough now."

"But about papa's affairs," said May—"how are they now?"

"Bad as bad," said Tudge, bitterly; "going to rack and ruin. Loss after loss. Two ships gone to the bad since the May, and the insurance nowhere; for since he's been mixed up with Rutherbys, the underwriters have fought shy of him; and he's so proud, that he won't stir an inch to meet people."

"Yes, poor papa is proud," said May.

"Why, my dear, if he'd only do as other men would, he'd set to and clear himself of these people, and start fair again with a clean bill of lading."

"But, papa would not do that."

"Not he; he says he's promised these people, and he never breaks his word. But stop a bit—let me have my innings, and something may turn up yet."

Tudge kissed May affectionately, looked at her as he held her at arm's length; and then, catching up his black bag, he hurried up to Mr. Halley's room, that gentleman having been too unwell to rise and go to the office, and having sent for his confidential clerk.

Tudge was shocked to see the expression of anxiety and care in his old employer's face.

As soon as Tudge entered the room, Mr. Halley pointed to a chair and table by the bedside.

"Come and sit down Tudge. You have brought the private ledger?"

"Yes."

"And made up to the last entries?"

"Up to last night at closing."

"Well, and how do we stand?"

"Bad as we can."

Mr. Halley uttered a sigh that was almost a groan, as he lay back helplessly, and gazed at his clerk in dismay.

"Here let me look," he said at last; and sitting up in bed once more, he eagerly scanned the open page of the little ledger held out to him by Tudge, tried to cast up the columns, to check the amounts, and failed, closed his eyes for a few minutes, and then gazed once more at the array of figures. "And all this change within a few months," he murmured, sadly.

"Yes, all in a few months," said Tudge, sternly.

"Don't jump on me, Tudge, when I'm down," said Mr. Halley, feebly. "Everything has gone wrong with me so far—don't you go wrong with me too."

"Wrong sort," said Tudge, stoutly. "I'm like poor Jack Anderson—I stick to my ship to the last."

"Don't talk about last, Tudge," said Mr. Halley, pettishly. "We shall be all right in a few weeks. Wait till the Emperor has done her voyage."

Tudge remained perfectly silent; but with one hand in the tail pocket of his coat, he gently rustled a piece of paper.

"Tudge—Tudge!" gasped the old man, rising on one arm, and looking aghast at his clerk.

"What do you mean? Why did you rustle that newspaper in your pocket?"

Still Tudge remained silent.

"Don't tell me that the Emperor has gone, Tudge," he gasped, pitifully.

Tudge remained silent.

"Give—give me the paper," gasped the old man. "Oh it's killing work!"

The old clerk handed him the ready-folded newspaper; and Mr. Halley, whose hands quivered, took the sheet and tried to read.

"Where—where is it?" he cried.

And Tudge pointed out the spot. Then the old man had to get his glasses from beneath the pillow, though he had done without them over the ledger.

But no glasses would enable him to see clearly in his present state of excitement; and after a minute he handed the paper back to Tudge.

"Read it—read it," he said, hurriedly.

And the old clerk read, in a trembling voice, one of the too familiar paragraphs of loss at sea.

"'Supposed to have foundered in the late gales,'" said Mr. Halley, in quivering tones, as he repeated the last words that his clerk had read. "The poor Emperor! Ruin ruin, ruin!"

"Cheer up. Don't be cast down," said Tudge, laying his hand tenderly on his master's.

"Oh, Tudge, I'm broken," groaned the old man, pitifully; "and they'll say things of me—cursed things! But, so help me God, Tudge, there wasn't a thing left undone in that ship.

"Everything that money could do was got for her to make her perfect, and she was nearly new from truck to keel."

"What are you going on like that for?" cried Tudge, indignantly. "Whoever said she wasn't a well-found ship?"

"Oh, nobody, Tudge—but they will."

"Yes, I s'pose they will," said Tudge, sternly.

"They'll say, safe enough, now that you're so linked in with Rutherby's, that you're trying their games."

"Don't hit me, Tudge, pray," said Mr. Halley, pitifully—"don't hit me when I'm down."

"I must," said Tudge, "I can't help it. It's all for your good, too; for you would do it. Didn't I advise you—beg of you—pray of you not?"

"Yes, yes, Tudge—you did," said Mr. Halley, humbly.

"And you would do it," cried Tudge. "Ah, I wish I had my ruler here."

It was merely to bang down on the bed, not to punish the old shipowner; and Tudge rolled up the newspaper, and gesticulated and struck the bed with that.

"Yes, Tudge," sighed the old man, with a last despairing glance for comfort at the figures in the ledger, but finding none—"yes, Tudge, I was very obstinate; and now I am more cursed than Job."

"No, you're not," said Tudge. "Job had his children killed, while you are trying to kill your one."

"Silence, Tudge!" cried Mr. Halley, angrily; and Tudge turned to the book.

"I will not, though I am down, have my domestic arrangements called into question. Let people talk: all the same Merritt is a fine young fellow, and Longdale a gentleman. And now about meeting those engagements for them. When are they due?"

"Eighteenth and twentieth," said Tudge, shortly.

"Let them be met," said Mr. Halley.

"But it will leave us without five hundred dollars to go on with."

"Never mind," said Mr. Halley, "let them be met. I promised, and I'll keep my word."

Tudge grumbled as he made an entry in a memorandum-book, and then sat back in his chair.

"Anything more?" he said.

"There's no hope, I suppose, about the poor Emperor, Tudge?"

Tudge shook his head sadly.

"Good heavens! how dreadful!" groaned the old man.

"Tudge," he exclaimed, "I can't bear to see any one belonging to the crew. I could not bear it, in my present state."

"You used to face it out like a man, Mr. Halley," said Tudge. "Think what people will say if you don't."

"But four vessels in nine months, Tudge—it's fearful! It will make them think horrible things."

"You never used to have such fancies as that, Mr. Halley," said Tudge. "See what comes of mixing with Rutherby's."

"But I don't believe anything of the kind of them," cried Mr. Halley, sharply. "You are turning against me, Tudge, in my trouble. I didn't think it of you. But, there—go, and let me be ruined."

"There I won't be savage with you," said Tudge. "You don't mean what you say."

"Yes, yes, I do," cried Mr. Halley, passionately as a child.

"No you don't," said Tudge; "so I won't hit out at you. Just as if I should leave you when you're like this!"

"No, you won't, Tudge, will you?" cried the old man, pitifully.

"But I shall make stipulations," said Tudge, stoutly.

"Oh," groaned Mr. Halley.

"You shall give me full powers to pull you through."

"Yes, yes; only I will have all engagements met."

"Well, yes, that's right. Rutherby's bills shall be met—we must do that. Halley's always meets its engagements," said Tudge proudly.

Mr. Halley groaned.

"Then I'll be off," said Tudge, "and do the best I can; but, old friend, you'll come out of this a very poor man."

"Tudge," said Mr. Halley, clinging to his old clerk's hand, with the tears running down his cheeks, "I'm ill and weak and this affair is killing me. Pay everybody, and if I have a pittance I shall be satisfied. May is provided for. Merritt will take care of her, and I believe in him. But I've done wrong, Tudge, in listening to Longdale; and the slanders that attach to him have come on me too. I didn't see that before."

"Always told you," said Tudge.

"You're hitting me again, now I'm down," said Mr. Halley, pitifully.

"Well, I won't say any more," said old Tudge.

"Don't," replied Mr. Halley, shaking hands with him earnestly; "and come up often."

Tudge nodded shortly, gathered up his papers, closed his bag with a snap, and went off without a word.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW MR. TUDGE SOLILOQUIZED AND HAD TWO VISITORS.

AN hour after, Mr. Tudge was in his private room flourishing his ruler as he thought over matters.

"Merritt will take care of May, will he?—of my darling!" he said to himself. "He won't! That will work by itself, I'll swear, without a word from me. But if it don't, I think I can manage it. Let me see: trumps led. Master Phil Merritt, Jack; my darling, queen—my partner, you know. Mr. Halley—Merritt's partner—plays the king. Last player—name of Tudge, cunning old fox in his way—holds the ace. Where are we now?"

Bang went the ruler on the desk.

"Now about the money matters. Awful, four fine vessels going like that. It would cripple any house if the loss fell on them as it does on us; but things will out better than he expects, even when those scoundrels have got their bills met. Of course they'll pay up again! Don't we wish we may get it!"

Bang went the ruler again.

"No; I won't give him a true state of the affairs—nor anybody else, not yet. Not honest? Yes, it is. He's not fit to attend to his affairs, and he's deputed them to me, and I'm working for him and my darling. Shady? Perhaps it is; but if you've got shady customers to deal with, why you must fight 'em with their own weapons.

"Now, let me see; what comes next? Well, it strikes me that Rutherby's comes next; and if they aint here soon, I'll hang myself in my braces."

Mr. Tudge's face became all over lines now as he plunged into a tangle of accounts, and looked as if it had been ruled in every direction; but he had not been at work ten minutes before a clerk announced Mr. Longdale.

"Ah, Mr. Tudge," he said, smiling, as he took a chair—"hard at work as usual. I wish we had you, Mr. Tudge, or some one like you."

"Ah!" said Tudge, nodding, "I wish you had."

"Thought I'd drop in as I came by, to ask about Mr. Halley. We heard a rumor that he was poorly. Merritt said he'd send up and ask at Canonbury; but as I was passing I thought I'd call."

"Well, yes, he is out of sorts a bit," said Tudge; "nothing much though."

"Weather?"

"Well, yes," said Tudge, eating the end of his quill—"I suppose weather has something to do with it."

"Well I won't detain you, Mr. Tudge," said Mr. Longdale, smiling. "Glad to hear that it's nothing serious." And he rose to go, shaking hands most affectionately with the old clerk.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "of course I shouldn't mention this to you if you were not entirely in Mr. Halley's confidence; but there are two little matters of bills that fall due directly. We drew on Mr. Halley. The first batch come to twenty thou', the second to ten thou'. I suppose they will have been provided for?"

"Halley's always meets its payments, Mr. Longdale, sir," said Tudge stiffly.

"Oh, of course, of course," said Longdale. "And that rumor—I did't like to mention this before—about the Emperor; false of course?"

"True Mr. Longdale as far as I can hear, every word of it."

"Bless my soul! How sad!" exclaimed Longdale.

"How things do vary, to be sure. Four vessels in nine months! Why, Mr. Tudge, you'll have those cowardly slanderers attacking your house next—same as they have ours—about ill-found ships, and that sort of things."

"Yes," said Tudge, shortly. "No doubt."

"Pray tell Mr. Halley how sorry I am, if you see him before I do; but I shall call directly.

"By the way, Tudge, come and dine with me some evening—friendly, you know—just ourselves. I've a glass of a curious old wine I should like you to taste. And, by the way, don't say I was little enough to say anything about those bills. Good-bye, Tudge, good-bye. We shall be having you with us one of those days."

Mr. Longdale had no sooner been shown out than the clerks started, for Mr. Tudge's ruler came down upon his table with the fiercest bang ever heard by his subordinates.

"My word, the old chap's in a wax!" said one.

"Yes," said another, "and well he may be."

Meanwhile, Mr. Longdale walked hurriedly into Cornhill, and made his way into one of the chop-houses, where Merritt was waiting his arrival.

"Well?" said Merritt.

"Game's up there, I think," said Longdale.

"Baited for the old fellow with a half-promise that we should be glad to have his services, and he rose at the fly."

"But about those bills?"

"They'll be met. The old fellow will pay every one to the last cent; and when that is done, I should think——"

He stopped short, and sat tapping the table, without a word.

"Well, why the deuce don't you go on? What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Longdale, with a fictitious start of surprise. "I was thinking."

"Well, I know you were; but what about?"

"Miss May Halley."

"I'm much obliged, but perhaps you'll let me do all the thinking about her!"

"I was wondering whether, under her altered circumstances, her swain will prove constant; and if he does not, whether she would smile on an adorer who does not want her money."

Philip Merritt leaped up angrily, scowled at his partner for a moment, and then hurried into the street, and made his way to where he was expected—namely, to Tudge's private room; for he was this day ignoring his ordinary desk.

"Mr. Merritt, sir," said the clerk.

"Show him in," said Tudge; and the next minute the old and the young man were face to face.

"How do, Tudge?" said Merritt, without offering to shake hands or remove his hat, as he sat down upon some loose papers at one corner of the table, where he began to swing about one leg.

"S'pose I move those papers?" said Tudge gruffly.

"Oh, not in my way in the least," said Merritt; "I want—"

"Let me move those papers," said Tudge, and he dragged them from beneath the sitter.

"Bother the papers!" exclaimed Merritt. "Look here, Tudge. About this Emperor?"

Tudge made a poke with the ruler indicative of the vessel having gone into the waste paper basket.

"That makes four, then, in nine months. I say, Tudge, you're going it! How much shall you sook by all these transactions?"

"How much shall we suck?" said Tudge, impassively, though there was a hitching in one leg as if he wanted to kick, and had hard work to keep down the inclination. "How much shall we suck? Well, Mr. Merritt, sir, I tell you, you know, because you are like Mr. Halley's son—though, of course, it's in complete confidence—we shall pay dollar for dollar, sir."

"Yes, of course," said Merritt, uneasily; "but after that?"

"Workus!"

"What" said Merritt.

"Workus, sir, Workus! General clear up—eligible mansion, superior household furniture, plate and wine—going, going, gone!"

Bang went the ruler.

"Phew!" whistled Philip Merritt. "Why, I thought—"

"Thought the governor was rich? Of course you did, and so he was; but you come to have four pulls of eighty or ninety thousand on you in nine months, and see where you would be."

Mr. Merritt whistled, and looked very blank; while Tudge sat stern as a judge, but with his eyes twinkling merrily.

"It's very odd, sir; but do you know I was thinking of you just before you came in," said Tudge, after a pause, during which Merritt sat scowling at the pattern of the carpet.

"I was just thinking that, one way and another, things in this world are regularly balanced."

Here Mr. Tudge held out the office penknife in one hand and balanced his ruler upon its keen edge, adjusting it till it was exact.

"Yes, sir, balanced," said Tudge. "Here is Mr. Halley been laying up riches all his life for the sake of Miss May."

Merritt pricked up his ears and became attentive, though Tudge did not appear to notice it.

"Well, sir, everything's swept away by misfortune, except the thirty thousand as goes to meet your bills, and which of course comes back again.

"Well, all that loss is the evil on one side of the balance; while on the other, just at the time of misfortune, here's poor Mr. Halley has the pleasure of thinking that his dear child's provided for, with a rich, dashing young spark for a husband, who will make her happy.

"As for what I said about workus, that was metaphorical, you know, for master will have that thirty thousand; while Miss May—"

"Yes," said Merritt, anxiously, "Miss May's fortune?"

"Miss May's fortune, Mr. Merritt, sir, was the Merry May and the Emperor, and they've gone—"

Here the ruler was taken from the edge of the penknife and pointed down once more at the waste-paper basket.

"But do you mean to tell me, Tudge, that all—everything will be swept away?" said Merritt, in a confidential whisper.

"Every penny, sir," said Tudge, in the same tone; "but never you mind that, sir—you're well off. You marry Miss May at once. She's a treasure, sir, that girl is, without a penny. You take her, and provide for the old man too. Lord bless you, think what a fine thing it will be in after-life to feel that you did it! See how independent you will be! Ah, Mr. Merritt, sir, you'll be a happy man."

Philip Merritt sat in silence for another five minutes, tapping one of his patent leather boots with his cane—brown knit, hat pushed back over his ears. Then he drew out his cigar case, lit a vesuvian, puffed slowly at his cigar, and rose to go.

"Bye-bye, Tudge," he said, nodding to him condescendingly; and then he lounged lazily through the outer offices, smoking the while.

"Told you so," said one of the clerks to the other.

"The game's up. Fancy that fellow lighting a cigar in old Tudge's private room and then smoking all through our offices! Why, a month ago it would have been high treason."

They did listen, and heard five or six heavy blows, given evidently with the ruler. For no sooner had Merritt left Quarter-deck-court than Mr. Tudge hopped from his seat, and began lunging and cutting about furiously with his ruler, every now and then striking some piece of furniture as if it were an inimical head.

"You cowardly—(lunge)—sneaking—(bang)—hypocritical—(bang)—infamous—(bang)—scoundrel—(lunge)—cold-blooded—(bang)—villain—(bang)—mean—(lunge)—dirty—(bang)—wretched—heartless—lump of dirt—(bang)."

Mr. Tudge threw himself perspiring into a chair, and panted and blew out his cheeks as he tucked his ruler under his arm, and mopped his face with his bandanna.

"Marry my darling to you—you piece of thin tissue paper—you plaster image—you—you villain!" he puffed. And then evidently relieved, he sat back and chuckled.

"Ha, ha!—ha, ha!—to see him! Worship her, don't he? Worship the golden calf, that's what he'd have done if he had been born a Jew; and he'd have boned it and melted it down first chance. No, my pretty, you're safe enough there. The money's gone, but it would take a deal more than we've lost to balance your happiness."

Ruler on the penknife edge again, where it refused to keep itself in equipoise.

"You're safe enough, my pretty. He'll back out of it all now, as sure as my name's Tudge; and I'm as hungry as a hunter."

Bang went the ruler on the table, and "ting" the gong, when the clerk who entered found Mr. Tudge, far from being in low spirits, in high glee.

"Here, Smith—quick. I sha'n't go out to-day. Run round the corner, and tell 'em to send me a juicy steak, just pink inside, and half a pint of the old brown sherry."

"Yes, sir."

"No; stop a minute, my lad. Not half a pint to-day—I'll have a pint."

And he did, and smacked his old lips over it half a dozen times as he said, with a smile on those lips, but a dewy look of love in his eye—

"May, my darling, your health!"

Then he drank, put down the glass, drew a long breath and added—

"And happiness!"

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW THE SHIPWRECKED MEN MADE A FIND.

TWICE more did hope seem to come to the despairing men clinging to that raft, and twice over did the sails that bore in sight fade slowly away from their aching eyes.

Utter listlessness had come upon them; and reduced now to a beggarly pittance of water, they lay upon the raft with parched lips, waiting once more for death.

It had been a scorching day, without a breath of air stirring; and as evening came on the two men lay prone, without attempting to stir, till, as if mechanically, Anderson moved slowly to the cask, and soaked up the few remaining drops of water with a piece of canvas.

This he squeezed into the pannikin, and held it to Basalt, who seized it greedily—staying, though, at half, and handing the pannikin back to Anderson, covering his eyes the while that he might not see him drink, lest he should be tempted to snatch the vessel back and drain it to the very last drop.

The very sound of it gurgling down another's throat was maddening, and at last the two men gazed in each other's bloodshot eyes, as if to ask, "What next?"

"It was the last," said Anderson, very solemnly.

"Then we should have saved it," was the hoarse reply.

"To be licked up by the sun?" said Anderson.

"There would not have been a drop left by another day."

Then he took the piece of wet canvas with which he had soaked up the drops in the cask, and divided it in two with his knife, handing half to Basalt and retaining the other.

These two wet fragments they sat and chewed till they seemed to turn hot and dry in their parched mouths.

Suddenly Basalt raised his eyes, and gave the signal that he had given thrice before—

"Ship ahoy!"

The evening was nearing fast, and in a very short time darkness would fall; but there, plainly to be seen, about three miles to windward, was a full-rigged ship, evidently sailing directly for them.

The two men staggered to their feet, and so long as the light lasted frantically made signals by waving jackets and handkerchiefs.

Very soon the ship seemed to fade away, for the darkness set in like a black pall, covering sea and sky; but no blacker than was the cloud of despair that again came upon the two sufferers.

"She'll pass us in the night," groaned Anderson.

"And we without a light for a signal—and not even a barrel to make a flare," said Basalt.

And then with starting eyeballs, they stood there watching in the direction where they had last seen the ship, and discussing in husky tones the probabilities of the look-out on board the vessel had seen them.

"If so, they'll lie-to, or make a signal," said Anderson, sadly; for he hoped nothing now—expected nothing but death. And soon they found that they had not been

soon for no signal-lamp was hung out by the vessel.

In fact, they felt that she never came near enough for them to see her sailing lights during the night; and at last, worn out with watching, they sank upon the raft, nerveless now, and stunned into the acceptance of their fate.

How that night passed neither could have afterwards told, save that it was like one long nightmare of hideous dreams. Morning came, though, at last; and, in a dull, despairing way, Anderson rose to see if the ship were still visible.

His cry for joy roused Basalt, who was on his knees by his side directly after gazing at the ship, still in sight.

She had passed them, indeed, during the night; but only to drift about a mile to leeward, where she lay, with her sails hanging motionless from the yards.

Not a soul was to be seen on deck to whom they could signal. There was no wind, fortunately, for it would have wafted the ship away.

So, weak as they were, they put out two oars, and rowed with all their might for the vessel.

Enfeebled by privation though, they could hardly move the cumbersome raft, and it was fully two hours before they were close alongside of the great ship, and shouting for help—to get however, no response; and they soon awakened to the fact that the vessel was deserted.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Basalt, again and again; but it brought no answer, even when they forced the raft against the vessel, and looked aloft, along her side, and then at each other—for the same thought had struck them both.

New life seemed to have come to John Anderson; for he forced the raft, now aft, right under her stern.

But they came not there to look at rudder or cabin window, but to set aside a doubt that their thoughts might not be true.

They were true, though, inexplicable as it seemed to them; and the next minute they had both climbed to the deck, and were looking round for the boats—all missing but one. For the name they had read from the raft, painted upon the vessel's stern, was one known to them both so well, and that name was the Merry May.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Little Plan.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

MR. JOHN CLIFFORD looked over the walnut and plate-glass railing around his "office" in the corner of the counting-room of the *Daily and Weekly Journal*, just as a sweet ringing laugh from the room opposite came to his ears.

"It's Lesly Lord—that is," Pete Furman the foreman, said, as he saw the look of inquiry on Mr. Clifford's face.

"As pretty a girl as ever stepped in two shoes, but spoilt and humored until she thinks she can manage the editorial department quite by herself."

Mr. Clifford looked through the open door—he was the new bookkeeper, just entering upon his duties that morning.

"So that is Miss Lord—the young lady with the round white arms and shining teeth and the hair piled in a good colored mass on top of her head? Well, Furman, she is rather good-looking—certainly got as handsome as one would be led to think from your description."

Several hours later, when Mr. Clifford was thinking it was nearly time for supper, a merry little clatter of boot-heels sounded on the floor, coming towards his office, and he looked up to see Miss Lesly Lord standing in front of him.

"Mr. Clifford," she said, with a graceful little arch of her pretty eyebrows—"at least I suppose it is Mr. Clifford, the new bookkeeper?"

"I am at your service," he responded, with grave courtesy, looking straightforwardly at the flushed, dimpled cheeks, and little white teeth.

"I would like to have an advance of two dollars on my Saturday night's pay, if you please."

The "if you please" was very much at variance with the imperiousness of her demand.

"You would like an advance?" he reiterated, gravely, somewhat surprisedly.

Lesly gave a provoked little toss of her head, and tapped her fingers on the plate-glass shelf.

"That is what I said, I believe."

"Am I to understand it is the custom in the *Journal* office to advance money to the employes upon all occasions?"

The color deepened richly in her peach-bloom cheeks.

"I don't know anything about what the 'employes' do—I know I always receive an advance when I ask it."

Mr. Clifford closed his day-book quietly.

"I think the rules of the office forbid such a precedent, Miss Lord. Frank"—to the office boy busily directing the post—"just light up, will you?"

Lesly stood perfectly astonished at the polite yet cavalier treatment she had received. The idea! This new man putting on such proper airs to her.

Frank industriously lighted the gas, and Mr. Clifford began counting the money in the cash box, while Lesly, in a still passion, stood staring at him.

"You don't intend to let me have it?" she said, presently, in a low, indignant voice, that was irresistibly charming for all.

"Certainly not—you nor any one. Frank, you may answer the telephone. If it is a call for Mr. Jacques, he has gone."

And Lesly sent him one look, perfectly savage with passionate anger, and that had as much effect upon him, outwardly, as water upon a duck's back.

An hour later, in the midst of a driving rain storm, Mr. Clifford stepped out of the omnibus in a pretty, lonely suburb of the city, to which he was an entire stranger—and after looking about him several minutes without umbrella or overshoes, he began to dimly realise that he did not know which of the half-dozen houses within sight was the one where his new landlady, Mrs. Rawson, lived.

"A charming position to find one's self in," he thought, as the rain soaked through his clothes, and he discovered that the mud was disagreeably uncertain to wade through, especially in the darkness.

"I'll make a bee-line for the nearest light," he decided, and forthwith set out for a little one-and-a-half story cottage, not so appallingly far off, where he arrived in due time, and shivering and chilled with the cold dampness of his clothes, he was cheered by the prompt opening of the door by a placid-faced elderly lady, who answered his question in the cheeriest, most unconventional fashion.

"Mrs. Rawson's? Why, you won't think of going away up there in such a storm as this? Come right in, and let me see if I can not make you comfortable for awhile. I've got a boy somewhere in the West—and if he should be out, as you are, in the storm—"

Her mother-love was sweet and strong on her gentle, womanly face, and he stepped in—gladly yet reluctantly.

"I am so muddy and dripping. I am John Clifford, bookkeeper at the *Journal* office, ma'am, and a stranger in the city."

His hostess insisted on his going in, and in less than no time he was feeling decidedly comfortable beside the open fire, in borrowed slippers and rapidly-drying clothes.

"The new bookkeeper of the *Journal* office, I think you said? My niece works there—and she's been talking about the 'new man' for a week or so—I believe all the girls were anxious to see you, Mr. Clifford. To-day is your first day?"

The kindly lady bustled about to get the supper ready. He could smell in the little kitchen off, and at the latest stage of proceedings she took the lamp out with her, while she broiled the ham.

"You won't mind sitting in the firelight a minute or two, I know. We're poor folks, and have to economise in oil."

And a second after the lamp had gone, and the savory odor of the broiling ham floated into his hungry sense a side-door opened, and somebody came in, bringing a cool, rainy feeling with her—for it was a girl in waterproof and rubbers.

"I came so near staying at Jennie Ball's for supper, auntie—I would have stayed only I was afraid you'd be worried about me. We did have so much to talk about," and a saucy little laugh rippled through the dusk, as she plumped herself down on the floor to take off her rubbers.

"The new bookkeeper came, auntie—just the handsomest fellow, with—oh—glaring eyes and a lovely moustache, but he is too mean and hateful for anything, auntie, you wouldn't believe it, would you? Well—we girls mean to punish him. We've made a conspiracy between us, and I'm to make him fall in love with me. I can—I know—and then—I am to reject him haughtily and let—— Auntie, have you been in the cellar all this time I've been talking?"

And as Mrs. Cummings appeared at the head of the cellar stairs, Lesly Lord picked up the lamp and carried it back into the little dining-room—while Mr. Clifford arose from his easy-chair as the lamp-light and Lesly's amazed looks fell upon him simultaneously.

He laughed as he extended his hand—while Lesly, bewildered beyond measure, stood stock-still in the middle of the room, lamp in hand, her cheeks slowly flushing painfully.

"Pray forgive me; I certainly did not mean to be so 'hateful' I assure you, Miss Lord. Won't you allow me to relieve you of the lamp? And then—please begin at once the part of the programme you are to fill in the conspiracy against me. I can promise you it will be most agreeable to me."

"I—didn't—know you were here," Lesly stammered hysterically, and then—she did the best possible thing under the circumstances—laughed heartily.

"I daresay I shall never hear the last of it," she said. "Well, Mr. Clifford, I can stand it if you can."

"If you will let me I will stay the remainder of the evening and try," he returned gravely.

Well, he stayed, and Lesly was at her most bewitchingly sweetest, and after he had gone home went to bed and cried herself to sleep for very dreadful shame at her stupid idiotic blunder.

"He will despise me, I know he will," she sobbed to herself. "And he is just splendid!"

But instead of despising her, Mr. Clifford asked her to marry him six months afterwards.

"I will say 'yes,' just because I like to be contrary," she laughed, between blushes and delicious little thrills of rapture. "I said I'd reject you haughtily, and instead I'll accept you——"

She hesitated with a little glance at his handsome face.

"Because I will not take 'no' for an answer," he suggested, drawing her face to his breast.

"Because I love you so, Jack!" was her reply, low and sweet.

And that was the delightful end of Lesly's little plan.

THE rifleman makes his mark by laying down to his work.

SOCIETY IN OLD JAPAN.

THE state of society described in the following lines has now entirely passed away.

The Shogun and his Daimios are gone never to return; the Samurai have a liking to wearing frock-coats and tall hats of huge dimensions; even the Emperor himself wears a sort of uniform with epaulette, and travels about his dominions like a mere Western potentate.

The police and all such institutions are formed on the European model, and at last even their art manufactures are becoming tinged with Western ideas and designs.

Thus Japan will, perhaps, gain power outside her own boundaries, but will at the same time become a most uninteresting copy of a European state.

According to Japanese historians, the Emperor, commonly called the Mikado, is descended from the gods; and the reigning Emperor is still popularly supposed to possess influence in the spirit world even greater than that of the lower classes of gods.

He also is believed to have the power to promote to a higher rank in the heavenly world those of his subjects who have pleased him during life.

The first mortal ancestor of the Mikado was Jimmu Tenno, who reigned B. C. 667; and from that time to this, more than twenty-five centuries, members of the same family have occupied the throne of Japan—a pedigree beside which that of any other royal family is as of yesterday.

The heir to the throne is always chosen from one of the numerous branches of the descendants of Jimmu Tenno.

It is necessary that he should be of royal birth, and also, before being recognized as Emperor, he must obtain possession of three things which were given in very early times by a god to the reigning emperor, and have ever since been regarded as essential to the imperial power—these are a metal mirror, a sword, and a crystal ball.

Since their first appearance they have passed through many dangers, especially from fire; in fact, in the eleventh century, the mirror was cracked by the building in which it was kept taking fire; and about thirty years since the three precious things ran the risk of total destruction from the same cause, but were bravely rescued by one of the courtiers.

The residence of the Emperor was a very simple structure, and hardly to be distinguished from the neighboring buildings by any exterior decoration.

It really was built on the model of a temple of the Shinto religion, which is the state religion of Japan.

The buildings were of costly woods, but had none of that grandeur that our Western ideas lead us to associate with palaces.

Surrounding the palace was a wooden railing with gates of different sizes, though one or other of which a noble passed according to his rank.

When the Mikado sat to receive homage he occupied a spot under the verandah, within this enclosure, and raised some feet from the ground.

He sat upon three mats, without any supports either behind or at the sides, and dressed in voluminous robes, but as his face might not be generally seen, a curtain formed of thin strips of bamboo hung down before him, covering the upper part of his figure.

The Shogun and all officials, while in his presence, were obliged to kneel with their heads bowed towards the floor—a somewhat difficult position to retain for any length of time.

The Emperor still keeps up the old rule of having only one wife, and the ladies of his court are generally chosen from the poorer noble families.

These later wear their hair hanging loose down their backs, and shave off their eyebrows, wearing false ones painted on their foreheads somewhat higher up than the natural position.

The Emperor's state costume was always of a certain fixed shape and pattern, and he had no voice in the matter.

His outer garments were of a bright green silk, his under ones of white silk; the latter were only worn once, and when worn, became the property of one of the palace servants, who regularly sold them.

It is said that the Emperor's teeth were blackened and his eyebrows shaved every morning.

His food consisted only of fish and vegetables, and the dishes used by him at his meals were always broken afterwards; but the Oriental mode of eating being much simpler than ours, this appears a much more expensive custom than it really was.

Venison used to be part of the imperial fare, but a former emperor once heard a doe crying piteously for her mate, and declared he would never more eat venison if it caused such grief.

Next in rank to the Emperor and his kin come his courtiers, the Kuge (pronounced Koonge), who are the nobility of the empire, and also include in their number the most illustrious families of Japan, many of them are poor.

Kuges in this condition often eke out the small allowance they receive from the Emperor by giving lessons in football-playing, fencing, arranging flower-vases, and in cookery, which in Japan is considered quite the occupation of a gentleman.

Many of the Kuges, however, are very rich, and the reconstitution of the Government can scarcely fail to improve their position maternally.

The higher offices in the state could only be filled by men taken from the Kuge class and the highest of all by members of one of five Kuge families.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE ODOR OF MUSK.—The atmosphere of the Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople, is filled with the odor of the musk with which it is stated Justinian charged the mortar when he rebuilt the church in 538 A. D.

AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK.—The care which elephants take of their trunks, in an encounter with wild beasts, shows how conscious they are of the value of that important instrument; sometimes they will erect it over their heads like a horn, and at others pack it into the smallest possible compass.

BOXING DAY.—In England next day after Christmas comes "Boxing" Day. Christmas boxes have been by some derived from *backsheesh*, or presents in money; but that is not the true origin of the custom. As the monks went with their boxes from house to house, so did they at Christmas collect for the poor; and to this is traced the term.

QUEER CURRENCY.—The inhabitants of the Solomon Islands have a curious system of decimal currency. A cocoanut seems to be the unit. But the circulating medium consists of strings of white and red shell beads, dogs's teeth and porpoise teeth. One string of white money is equivalent to ten cocoanuts or one flat stick of tobacco. Ten strings of white money make one string of red money or one dog's tooth; ten dog's teeth make one "iss" (or fifty porpoise teeth); and ten iss are equivalent to one "good-quality wife." So that a wife in good society is worth ten thousand cocoanuts.

INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE.—It needs a very long time and much bitter experience to teach the European how lightly an Oriental stakes his life, how quietly he pays forfeit when he loses. Be it a savage foe or a remorseless climate against which he plays, the low caste Hindoo will wager death and torment for a few copper coins. I had, says an officer, a servant in the Sepoy war who was invalided for frost-bite, and probably lost both his feet, while all the time he was carrying in his knapsack the good boots and long warm stockings I had given him. These he meant to sell, putting them on only when sure to see me; but he waited to secure a greater price. And he tramped barefoot, he slept in cotton clothes, when the thermometer fell below zero, until he sacrificed his limbs, perhaps his life. Playing the same stakes against a human enemy, the Hindoo is still more reckless.

FOR THE CURIOUS.—Out of every hundred inhabitants of the United States sixteen live in cities. A locomotive drinks 45 gallons of water every mile it travels. The finest thread in a spider's web is composed of no less than 4,000 strands. When an ourang-outang dies the others cover up the body with branches of trees. The skin of the hedgehog was used by the Romans for hacking hemp. The natives of India says that the baya bird lights up her nest with fire-flies. The flower of the dandelion lives two and a-half days. The mackerel buries in mud during the winter. The pattern of the crying dolls came originally from Japan. The tomato plant is avoided by ear-wigs, caterpillars, aphides, slugs and snails. Islam, which signifies submission to God, is the name given to Mahometanism. The Angora cat has one eye blue and the other yellow. Perfectly white cats are deaf.

DANCING IN A CATHEDRAL.—Among the early Christians, as also the Pagans, dancing has constituted a part of the religious ceremonies; and did not David dance before the Ark, and "the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances?" The practice of dancing in churches was looked upon with favor in France until the twelfth century; and in Spain, in this very nineteenth century, it forms part of the Easter Sunday ceremonies at the cathedral in Seville. The principal actors are boys, who are placed in the open space in front of the altar, five standing on each side opposite to each other. They begin a slow movement, singing hymns and keeping time with their castanets. A dignitary, it is said, disapproving of the custom, tried to stop them; but this so enraged the authorities that they suddenly shipped off the boys to Rome, so that the Pope might judge for himself. His Holiness saw nothing against it, and continued the privilege, allowing them to dance, with their heads covered before the Sacrament; and this is done to this day.

SOUL-BURYING.—Whenever an Abassian, a people of Russia, is drowned his friends search carefully, for the body, but if this is not found they proceed to capture the soul of the deceased—a measure which has then become a matter of importance. A goat-skin bag is sprinkled with water and placed with its mouth, which is stretched open over a hoop, looking towards the river near the place where the man is supposed to have been drowned. Two cords are stretched from the spot across the river as a bridge on which the soul can come over. Vessels containing food and drink are set around the skin, and the friends of the deceased come and eat quietly, while a song is sung with instrumental accompaniments. The soul, it is believed, is attracted by the ceremonies, comes over on the bridge that is laid for it, and goes into the trap. As soon as it has entered—that is, when the bag is inflated by the breeze, the opening is quickly closed and the bag is taken up to the burial-place, where a grave has already been prepared. The bag is held with the opening to the grave, the strings are untied, and the soul—that is, the wind in the bag—is squeezed into the grave, and the burial is afterwards completed. The right is considered of equivalent value with the burial of the body, and the grave is treated with the same honor as, if the body were really within it.

I WONDER WHY.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

I meet with people here and there
  Who walk through life with muffled tread;
And when you say, "The day is fair,"
  They softly sigh and shake their head,
The bright and gracious summer sky
  In wide blue arc over them bow'd,
And yet they shake their head and sigh
  And point out a tiny cloud,
Why do they shake their heads and sigh
And view that speck of all the sky?
  I wonder why.

And when young lovers bill and coo,
  And play at being man and wife
And talk of all the things they'll do
  In yonder lovely sweep of life,
It seems to them so sad a fact
  Young folks should draw such giddy breath,
They beg acceptance of a tract
  On Early Calls and Sudden Death,
When happy hearts are beating high,
Why do they tell them they must die?
  I wonder why.

And when the children shout at play,
  Or peals of laughter break their chat,
Why do they grimly smile and say,
  "Ah, yes! you'll soon be cured of that,"
Wise heads will come another day,
  And boys are boys, and still will be;
So laugh, young people, while you may—
  Ere long you you'll know the world like me,
Why is it you now smile and sigh,
And hold your cambric to your eye?
  I wonder why?

PRINCE AND PEASANT.

A Story of Russian Life.

BY MRS. W. H. HILL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ZOE.

IT was a bright morning in the beginning of June, and the northern sky was blue and cloudless.

The bright sunshine danced on the azure waves of the Baltic, and the happy birds sang loud and clear among the stunted pines of Dago.

On the shiny beach the air is keen and cool; it strikes freshly on the face of a young girl who sits on a large stone, looking out across the sea.

The morning is so bright, the birds' clear notes so joyous, and the pure salt air so invigorating, that it does not seem possible for any one to be there and feel sad.

Yet Zoe, for she is the young girl who sits looking out to sea, is sad, or her face strangely belies her feelings.

She is wrapped in a warm scarlet cloak, though it is the beginning of June.

She wears a little cap of glossy seal-skin, from under which her long brown curls stream out, the sport and plaything of the fresh sea breeze.

Zoe is very fair; in the bright northern sunshine her complexion looks pure and white as the crest of the dancing billows, but she is very pale, and the keen air, striking on the round young cheek, brings no color to it as it did in former years.

Under the wistful blue eyes there are dark circles, and even the sweet full lips are not so red as they ought to be.

A little white dog lies at her feet, basking in the spring sunshine, and caring not for play.

It is Fidele, and he is growing old and quiet.

Zoe watches the sea-gulls as they soar high up into the immensity of blue and listens as they scream aloud in their triumph of perfect freedom.

She almost envies them their wings, their joy, and their gay, unfettered lives.

"Fidele, do you wish you were a bird?" she asks.

The old dog looks up at her and wags his tail, then resumes his attitude, and goes off again to the land of dreams.

"Why do you wish to be a bird, Mademoiselle?"

Zoe turns at the inquiry and the color which would not come at the bidding of the wayward wind flashes richly into her cheeks at the voice of the man who stands near her.

He is a tall, dark man, broad-shouldered and handsome, with a brown, honest face, and grave, candid eyes.

Those eyes are fastened on the fair face before him in an earnest, questioning look—a look that causes the broad white lids to fall over the wistful blue orbs of the young girl.

"Oh, Count Paulowitsch, how you startled me."

"Did I? I am sorry. Zoe, why do you call me 'Count Paulowitsch?'"

The girl looked up, the color in her face deepened as she met the earnest look of the grave, dark eyes.

"It is your name," she murmured.

"Yes, Zoe," he replied sadly; "but you always called me Alexis till I went away to the war."

"I was a child then."

"Ah! I understand. You are not a child any longer. So you cannot treat me as an equal?"

These words were sadly said, and there was not the faintest inflection of scorn in the voice that uttered them, yet the girl started as if the speaker had struck her.

"It is not that! You know it is not, Alexis! How ungenerous of you to say so!"

Her eyes flashed through her tears, and her voice trembled as she spoke.

She rose from her seat, as if about to leave the spot, but Alexis stood before her to bar her progress.

"Pardon me, Zoe. Forgive me, little one. I looked forward so long to meeting you again, to coming back here, that I forgot to count the time—I did not think of the changes. I was foolish enough to expect it to be the same, and of course it is not. Count Vassili and the Baron are coming—say you forgive me."

He held out his hand, and Zoe placed her little white one within it, without a word.

"Ah! Zoe, you have been walking on the beach? that is right."

The Baron's hearty voice jarred on Zoe's ears.

He came up to her and gazed on her face with open admiration.

He was very kind, but somehow Zoe did not appreciate his kindness.

It struck her that his face was fat and red, his eyelashes light, and his nose thick.

Then her conscience smote her for her unfaithfulness, was not the Baron her affianced lover?

Yes, it was true.

She turned to him with a smothered feeling of repugnance and leaned on his arm, while Vassili and Alexis followed.

* * * * * *

On the day that Sternberg had asked Zoe the question which he intended for a proposal of marriage and obtained Vassili's consent, Zoe felt as if her fate was sealed.

She had been called down to the red-room, and there received her uncle's blessing.

Her hand was placed in the Baron's, who declared himself her future husband, and presented her with a magnificent diamond ring, the engagement token of the Sternbergs.

Then she had been blessed by Pere Hieronimo and Annette, and congratulated by them all before she had time to recover from the bewilderment into which she was plunged by the suddenness of the whole affair.

Two days after, Alexis and his two sisters had arrived, and they had now been a fortnight at Dago.

Sternberg and Zoe were to be betrothed in the chapel on the last Sunday in June, and their marriage was to take place in the autumn.

Zoe was not happy.

She tried to drive thought away, but in the silence of the night, when she was alone in her own little room, and even when she prayed, thought would come, and her heart would whisper softly, but oh! so clearly:

"I love Alexis."

Alexis was strange.

Zoe could not understand him.

He was kind, but he kept aloof from her, and often she found, on looking up suddenly from her book or sewing, his grave, earnest gaze, fastened on her face, as if trying to read her very thoughts.

She had not seen him alone since his return, till this morning that he found her on the beach.

She almost wished that Vassili and the Baron had remained away, for it was such a treat to talk to Alexis, and she did not wish to ask him why he was changed.

He, too, spoke of this, told her he had looked forward to his return.

What a maze of bewilderment she was in!

She glanced back, and met the calm dark eyes.

She smiled kindly, but the smile was not returned.

Indeed she heard Alexis sigh deeply.

When Zoe returned from her walk, she met the two sisters of Alexis just coming out the gateway.

She left the Baron's side, and joined them.

"Where are you going, Mademoiselle?" she inquired of Zouboff.

"Only for a walk," replied the two sisters together.

"I will accompany you. My uncle, the Baron, and your brother must go in, as they have some engagement this morning. Let us walk over to Sternberg. You have not yet been there."

The three ladies started leisurely on their walk.

Sternberg Castle was two miles further inland.

It was a grim-looking edifice, surrounded by thick walls and flanked by a thicket of taller pines than any near Platoff.

Through this grove a small river ran, on which a number of water-fowl were swimming.

The ladies passed through the huge gateway and up the moss-grown path.

Two great mastiff dogs ran out to meet them, and fawned on Zoe, who was an old friend.

"It is a grand old place!" said Zouboff.

"Yes, I like it, and I love the river," replied Zoe, but she sighed as she spoke.

They entered the house.

It was being refitted from top to bottom, and was full of workmen.

"Come to the Baron's study. It is about the only place we can sit down to rest in," said the girl.

They went there.

Zoe rang a bell and ordered luncheon.

The servants looked on her as their mistress already, and accorded her a smiling welcome.

The study was a snug old-fashioned room. Book-shelves ran around three sides of it, and two long windows looked out on the river.

The shelves held many other things besides books,—pipes, pistols, fishing-rods, and the usual jumble of a bachelor's apartment, guns leant up in a corner, silver pocket-flasks, and fishing baskets hung on the walls.

The Baron was evidently more of the sportsman than the scholar, and perhaps more of the soldier than either.

There were plenty of easy, low, leather-covered chairs, and the three ladies sat down to rest, chatting pleasantly to pass the time.

Zouboff looked strikingly handsome in her deep mourning, and her sister was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little woman, always cheerful and merry, and one of those plump little women who seem at home anywhere.

Zoe was already fond of them both.

Natalia was two years older than her sister, but she was so good-natured and unaffected that the young girl never thought of her as an elder.

Indeed Zouboff generally took the lead, telling the little bright-eyed woman what to do and how to do it.

"I like this house," said Natalia, nodding her head briskly. "I should like to live here."

"Well, so you may," replied Zoe, smiling. "I will be very glad to have you."

"Thank you," said the little woman, brightly. "But I must not leave Zouboff and Alexis."

"Perhaps they will leave you—they will marry," suggested Zoe.

"Natalia will marry before I will," said Zouboff quickly.

"Why do you think that?" asked Zoe.

"Because I do not think I will ever marry," said Zouboff, in a low tone.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Natalia. "What stuff you talk, sister mine. Not marry! Why won't you?"

Zouboff looked seriously annoyed, bit her lip and colored, but did not reply.

"Why won't you?" again asked the elder sister.

"Because the man I—I love will never ask me, and I will not marry another," said the girl at length with a deep blush, and she rose from her seat and walked to the window, as if she wished the conversation to end.

Zoe felt much embarrassed, and was glad that a servant entered to announce luncheon just at this moment.

She led the way to the small room where the meal was served.

"You must not think that this is the dining-hall of Sternberg," she said merrily. "That is all dismantled, but only that it may come out in greater splendor hereafter. I mean to make this my own private sitting-room."

The room was a cosy little one, wainscoted with yellow oak.

The furniture was of the same wood, and in the Gothic style.

The curtains were of yellow damask, and the oak floor was waxed and shining.

A tiny flight of winding stairs in one corner attracted Zouboff's attention, and she inquired their use.

"Oh, they lead up to another room, just the size of this. We will inspect it after luncheon."

The meal was soon over, and the ladies ran lightly up the narrow stairway, with its heavy oaken balustrade.

The room they entered was indeed a perfect gem.

It was fresh from the hands of a St. Petersburg upholsterer, and he had every reason to be proud of his work.

The walls were pearl gray, with a delicate gold beading outlining the doors and windows.

A mirror from floor to ceiling was on one side, and a superb painting of the Madonna and Holy Child on the other.

Before this by glittering chains hung a lamp of rose-colored crystal in a golden framework.

The floor was covered with a white carpet sprinkled with crimson rosebuds, and the tiny stove was a marvel of art, shining in crimson and gold.

"What a beautiful little room!" cried Natalia.

"Yes, it is perfect," said Zoe, with a deep sigh.

"Why do you sigh, mademoiselle?" inquired Natalie.

"I do not know. Baron Sternberg is doing so much for me, but somehow my heart tells me that I will never be here, and if I am that I will not be happy."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MIDNIGHT ORISON.

IT was midnight, the hour had just chimed and the echoes still lingered around Platoff Castle.

Alexis could not sleep; he was restless and unhappy.

His broken conversation with Zoe that morning had unsettled him.

Why did she blush when her eyes met his?

Why did she look so sad if she loved Sternberg?

With all the passionate strength of his nature, Alexis loved this pure young girl.

He had learned to love her three years ago, and absence had but strengthened the passion.

While away in the dreary Crimea this love had steeled his arm, and supported his sinking frame.

Had he not won honor to win Zoe?

When he stood in the battle front, and a deadly shower of bullets poured around him, above their shrill, soul-sickening song a voice said:

"Brave it for Zoe."

Ah! the thought of those three long horrible years, when he was cheered by hope, was pleasanter than the present, when he must give way to despair.

"I shall go mad if I stay here to witness her betrothal to this old man! Yet what excuse can I frame for going away?"

Alexis rose from his seat, and impatiently paced the apartment.

The castle was still as the grave, for the household had long ago retired to rest, and the very quietness was irksome to Alexis' troubled spirit.

He walked up and down, with quick impetuous steps.

"I shall go mad!" he repeated. "I feel certain I shall. It is too hard—too hard to bear. I have thought of her so constantly, loved her so truly for three long years, and now I must stand by and watch the ceremony that gives her to another man forever! What shall I do? God help me!"

He flung himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud.

His brown, hardy face was pale with excess of emotion, and great drops of perspiration stood on his brow when he raised his head.

"Oh! what a fearful thing it is to love as I do. I have made an idol of this child!—have set her up above all others—have thought of her, when surrounded by death, in all its ghastly horrors, on the battlefield. Yes, and even as I watched my mother die, Zoe was still in my mind. Ah! her face was ever before me, even when I prayed! I have made an idol of her!"

Again he rose, and paced the floor muttering to himself.

"I will leave this place where I have spent so many happy hours—leave it forever! It is hard to leave you, Zoe, my darling!"

He uttered the last words in a hoarse, broken whisper, and clenched his hands in agony.

"I will go to-morrow before I see her. They will think me ungrateful, rude, base; but I cannot—cannot stay here! I cannot take out my heart and put it under their feet—I will go. I hope I may have strength to do it. I will go to the chapel and pray for it!"

He left the room, crossed the wide hall, and descended the great dark staircase, then groped his way along the lower hall to the small passage leading to the chapel.

The castle was plunged in darkness, but Alexis knew that the light in the chapel was never suffered to expire.

It burnt day and night before the altar.

He pushed open the little door, and stood with bowed head within the sacred edifice.

The tall wax-light burnt brightly on the altar, but the rest of the chapel was dark, and Alexis walked up the long aisle, with reverent, noiseless steps.

What was his astonishment to perceive a kneeling form before the altar!

A woman's form!

She knelt on the altar-steps, her face bowed on her clasped hands.

The taper's light shone full down on the kneeling figure, and, greatly to Alexis' surprise, he saw that it was Zoe.

She heard no sound, and she never moved as Alexis stepped softly up to the spot.

The little gate in the altar-railing was open, and the young man knelt beside her.

She was unconscious of his presence, and he bowed his head on his hands, unwilling to disturb her devotions.

Of course the sight of Zoe in the chapel put to flight all his ideas of leaving Dago.

The sight of the fair young girl kneeling beside him; her thin white hands over her face, her head bowed in earnest devotion, called up the warm love in Alexis' heart.

She seemed more like the Zoe of the old days, the dear, dream-child of the Crimea.

In the soft silence of the chapel, Alexis felt calmed and comforted.

The tumult of passionate love became stilled in his breast.

He glanced up above him at the magnificent altar-piece.

It was a divine rendering of the subject, "Christ's Charge to St. Peter," by an Italian master.

The Saviour stood with extended hand, the apostle knelt before him, his eyes raised with a slightly reproachful expression to the face of his Divine Master, as he was supposed to give the answer: "Yes, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

Alexis felt that picture.

He understood the look portrayed in the eyes of the apostle; the mingled love and regret shone out in the glorified face of his Master.

While he knelt there, the young man seemed to have lived an age—he had grown so calm, so strong.

He glanced at Zoe, and saw that she still prayed, and was much distressed to find that she wept convulsively.

Sobs shook the slight girlish form, and large tears fell through the slender fingers.

She bowed her head still lower till it rested on the altar, and cried passionately.

Alexis could not view this unmoved.

The sight of Zoe's tears almost distracted his honest, loving heart.

Why should she weep?

Why was she there if some grief had not come to her?

He must comfort her at all risks, yet he feared to speak lest he would startle her.

He moved very gently, and then stood up.

Zoe looked at him through her tears, raising her head with a startled cry.

In that lonely place, at this hour, she was certain of being undisturbed, and when she saw who stood before her she was greatly surprised.

"Zoe!" he said, his great, strong voice sounding subdued and gentle. "Zoe, I came here because I was in trouble, and could not sleep, and I find you here before me, and you also have some secret sorrow. Tell me, dear child, what it is."

He again knelt beside the little trembling figure, and, taking her hand in his, found it cold as ice.

"And you are in trouble, too, Alexis? What is it? We are both too unhappy to sleep, and perhaps if we speak of our griefs it may lighten them."

Alexis hesitated a moment.

He could not, of course, tell Zoe of his love.

It would be an unmanly and dishonorable action, but if he partly told her, it would

win her to confide her own trouble to him, so he began:

"Zoe, it makes me sad to find that the dearest hope of my life is denied me—that I must give up the dream which cheered my heart and made me strong while I was far away in the Crimea, the bright vision that enabled me to win a place in the world. It is hard for a man tear out his heart, and that love is my heart!"

Unconsciously Alexis gazed at Zoe, with all the deep, earnest love he described shining out of his grave dark eyes.

The girl blushed deeply, for Alexis, in portraying his own sorrow, had so nearly told hers.

"Now, Zoe, tell me your grief," the strong voice pleaded.

"You have told it, Alexis. You say you are forced to give up your dearest wish—to relinquish your highest hope. You have fought and won laurels for your dear love, but, Alexis, I have waited and watched for mine! Your love is your heart, so is mine! Ah, Alexis, you cannot love this woman, whoever she is, better than I love this man. He is so good, so brave, so noble."

Zoe clasped her hands, and gazed up at Alexis, who stood looking at her flushed face, listening to her passionate, heart-broken words in the wildest amazement.

"Then you do not love Baron Sternberg, Zoe?" he said, after a pause.

"No," she returned, laying her hands over her hot face.

"Then, Zoe, why do you marry him?"

As Alexis asked the question, he drew down the hands gently, and held them in his own.

"Because he loves me. He gave me this ring, and my uncle told me to marry him."

"But, child, your uncle would not wish you to marry Baron Sternberg, if he knew you loved another. Why do you not tell him?"

"It is no use," she said sadly.

"Why is it no use, dear Zoe? It is an injustice to the Baron to marry him when you love another—an injustice to yourself and a fearful injustice to the man you love."

A shade passed over Zoe's face as Alexis said this, and she tried to draw away her hands, but Alexis held them in a firm, strong clasp.

"No, it is not injustice. The Baron loves me, and it will make him happy for me to marry him. I shall not be happy, but no matter, I can never be happy again, and as to the one I love, he loves some one else."

Alexis gave a start, and a ray of joy came into his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lost Key.

BY W. J. LACEY.

EDGAR Arnton had made a highly important discovery, and one that troubled him. He was a surgeon and was given to examining hearts. The decision to which, very unwillingly, he came, was that his dim suspicions of the past three months were well-founded—he was in love.

The thrill which had gone through him as he clasped Kate Gerrow's hand on leaving her uncle's gates that very evening pointed in that direction.

In the course of his final turn along the broad path between the whispering poplars, Edgar formed a resolution. Entering Brixby, he encountered the very friend he had desired to consult. Mr. Trent was a solicitor, many years the young medical man's senior, and his only confident in all the countryside.

"If you are disengaged for ten minutes or so, Mr. Trent," said Edgar, "I should like to have a talk with you about Mr. Gerrows's niece."

"I am perfectly at your service. You are smitten by a great appreciation of Miss Gerrow's charms. I have seen it coming a long time. Miss Gerrow is beautiful, of good birth and well educated. She is an heiress into the bargain; and if she cares for you, and her uncle consents, what possible obstacle can intervene?"

"You have said," returned Edgar; "she is an heiress."

The lawyer bit his lip to keep from a loud explosion of misplaced merriment. "The very thing that, whether she were pretty or plain, would make Miss Gerrow an attraction to most suitors."

"I am aware of it. But I am not like the majority; I am poor, my prospects are barren enough; all the world would say I was fortune-hunting—marrying for money if it came to a marriage. She might learn to think so too, and that I could not bear. I have seen plenty of this already—in my own family."

The concentrated pathos of the last sentence, and the involuntary sigh which concluded it, touched the solicitor. His meditated words of bantering remonstrance were not uttered.

"What shall you do then?" he asked.

"Shun the danger, fight the temptation, work harder. I cannot run away as in other circumstances I might be minded to do; my living lies in Brixby. But you can help me considerably in the struggle if you will."

"I! How?"

"When you see me running any risk of a *tete-a-tete* with Miss Gerrow and you can possibly interfere, do so."

"And make you hate me for it; I will not promise."

"I shall not hate you, I shall be very grateful. I must meet her frequently, at the houses of mutual friends. You will often be able to make me your debtor in the way I say."

The route the pair had taken brought them at this point within the line of habitations again. With a few more words of less special interest they parted for the night. As Edgar's tall, athletic figure disappeared amongst the mingling shadows of tree and cottage, the lawyer turned and gazed for a moment.

"Poor fellow! there has been misery in his lot in earlier years, I know," he muttered to himself; "and he is by no means sure of his own power to withstand in this matter, or he would not appeal to any friend."

* * * * * *

It was even so; Edgar Arnton mistrusted himself despite the apparent firmness of his resolution. As fate would have it, a week later he was thrown into Kate Gerrow's company even more constantly and more intimately than before. Mr. Gerrow was taken suddenly and seriously ill. Edgar had to attend him and to labor hard to ward off an attack of probably fatal apoplexy.

They were a lonely couple, the wealthy, eccentric old owner of Brixby Lodge, and the fair young girl who was reputed his heiress. Kate was an only child and an orphan. Neither she nor her uncle had any kinsfolk in the neighborhood. Cousins, Kate believed she had somewhere in the North; but there had been an estrangement in the family, and these she had never seen.

Day by day in his visits, Edgar Arnton met her, and fell more deeply, more indubitably in love. Not that he abandoned in any degree his determination to refrain from becoming Kate's suitor. That resolve was as firm as ever. He simply elected to drift with the tide.

The patient gradually recovered, and bore grateful testimony to Edgar's professional skill.

The mend was not for long, though; a message in the dead of night some few weeks after took Edgar hurriedly away to Brixby Lodge, to find that another and a severer seizure had proved immediately fatal.

Kate's grief was intense. Edgar must have seemed strangely cold and distant in the dark days before the funeral, for he was compelled to keep down his sympathy with an iron hand and to breathe condolence in the most conventional of phrases. But for so doing he felt morally sure that his vow of personal silence would have been irretrievably broken; and he meant to conquer yet.

But in the course of time an odd rumor reached him. The old man's will had been read, and Kate was not an heiress after all. With a chaos of conflicting emotions surging within his breast, Edgar called on Mr. Trent and learned the truth.

"The document is dated ten years back, before Miss Gerrow came to live with her uncle," said the solicitor; "there is no doubt as to its genuineness. Every one thought he had made a later one—I did myself—but none can be found besides this. I suppose he put the business off, as so many people do, until it was too late. The property all goes to a wealthy Lancashire manufacturer."

"How does Kate—Miss Gerrow take it?"

"As quietly as you may guess. Some girls would have been almost killed by the disappointment, but not she. You had better go up and see her; she is not an heiress now. Indeed she'll have barely enough to live upon, unless this cousin does something for her—which is doubtful."

Edgar took the advice, and went up to the desolate great house the same afternoon. Some commonplaces passed; and then that old, old story burst forth which somehow always seems to me far too sacred to be written out in detail on any author's scribbling paper. Edgar made a full confession, and not in vain.

"The saddest experience of my youth," he said, "came through a marriage for money and through misplaced confidence. Very early I vowed that that mistake should in no shape ever be mine; that nobody should ever throw fortune-hunting of that kind in my teeth. And yet"—with a smile of infinite content—"I am not certain, Kate, after all, whether love would not have beaten me in the end."

"I hope so," the maiden answered shyly.

* * * * * *

There was a sale at Brixby Lodge, and in due course one of the Lancashire manufacturer's sons, who had recently married, came down and was installed as his father's representative.

Edgar Arnton had arranged that Kate Gerrow should reside in London with his sisters, until such an interval had passed as etiquette prescribed. At the sale he was a large purchaser, and, poor as, by comparison, he had once styled himself, the house he furnished was one of the best in the village.

Wedding and honeymoon were both over. Edgar had just come in from his day's round of visits, and was standing with his wife at the window, gazing out at the fast-falling snow flakes that foreboded a white Christmastide.

Suddenly there was a crash behind that caused both to look around. A Persian kitten, gambolling mischievously on the top of an escritoire, had knocked down the plaster figure of an antique cup-bearer. The fragile article of vertu was broken into a dozen fragments, amidst which a tiny silver key revealed itself.

"That is where the key of uncle's Japanese cabinet went to, then," said Kate; "the hand and arm of the image must have been hollow, and the key, once put into the cup, slipped through into the interior."

"Odd, certainly," answered Edgar; "let us try if it is the one."

He went out, and from the next room fetched a small inlaid cabinet of exquisite workmanship. The key fitted at once.

"I was sure it would. I knew it again at first sight," said the lady. "It is fortunate we waited and did not trouble to force the box open; that would inevitably have spoilt it. I don't suppose there is anything in the casket though."

"Oh, but there is!" ejaculated Edgar, as at that instant he poised up the delicate lid and caught sight of a tight little roll of paper. Kate watched in silent surprise; Edgar slowly undid the bundle, a shrewd suspicion of what he had found flashing upon him and making his ordinarily firm, white fingers hot and bungling.

"It is your uncle's real will, his last and legal will, I should say rather," Edgar said with a gasp, "found just where he might have been expected to have placed it, and where searches might equally have been expected to miss it. And then he read slowly, till the full moment of the discovery had been realized by both brains, how land, and houses and money snugly invested in consols, had all been devised, without either reservation or qualification, to Mr. Gerrow's beloved niece, Kate, "the companion of his old age, and the faithful guardian of his interests."

Husband and wife gave each other a long, earnest look, which ended in a mutual smile and a caress.

"Despite all precautions you have married an heiress then, Edgar," said Kate merrily; "the pity of it is, it's quite too late in the day to disown her now."

"As if I could possibly wish to."

Mr. Trent laughed likewise. "All's well that ends well," he said. He was speedily put in possession of the recovered document, acquainted Mr. Mudbury with the circumstances, and convinced the manufacturer how futile it would be to contest his cousin's claim. In a very brief space the Lancashire gentleman returned in disgust to his own district. Brixby Lodge became the residence of the Arntons and their children.

Both husband and wife treasure the once lost key above its weight in gold. But for its opportune disappearance two loving souls might have remained apart. To it Kate says she owes her husband, and by it Edgar thinks truly that he has both kept his vow (in the spirit), and won a wife with a fortune.

A Misunderstanding.

BY PERCY VERE.

"TOM, why have you never married?" suddenly asked Doctor Matthews, of his old friend, Tom Lennox, at their first meeting after some years separation, which had been passed by the doctor in perfecting himself in the medical profession, and by his friend in bringing all his energies to bear upon the practice of law.

"Well, really, I've never taken time to think about it," declared he, in answer to this rather abrupt address; but as he said it the quick eyes of the doctor noticed a flush that spread for a moment over the dark, handsome face.

"Nonsense, Tom! If you have never thought of it before, it is high time you began now. I am so happy myself in my married life that I should like to see you similarly situated."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," said his friend, gaily. "But I am rather afraid that you will never be gratified."

"But whatever induced you to change your views? I remember in the old days at college you were particularly fond of the society of ladies."

"Well, perhaps I was then. But you ask what change has come over the spirit of my dream. Thereby hangs a tale. If you like to listen, I don't mind relating to you my experience of the perfidy of woman. But first settle yourself comfortably in that armchair and try some of the Havannahs; I flatter myself they are rather good.

"You must know that I worked rather hard at my profession for a year or two after leaving college, until finally I began to feel the need of rest. One day whilst I was trying to make up my mind where I should spend a few weeks of my enforced vacation, I ran against Frank Harding—you remember Frank? who first exclaimed at my worn appearance, and then declared that he should take me down home with him, where, to quote his expression, I should be myself in no time.

"Well, to get rid of him, I promised to go; and one fine morning in June we left the city, and, after a pleasant journey, reached the little village of Moreton, where a carriage was in waiting to convey us to Frank's home. I found it to be a large, old-fashioned stone house, half buried in shrubbery, situated about two miles from the village. Old Squire Harding, a splendid type of the farmer, welcomed me heartily, and then introduced me to his wife, a pleasant-faced lady of about forty-five years.

"'Where is Nell, mother?' inquired Frank, after we had refreshed ourselves by partaking of the luncheon Mrs. Harding's forethought had provided for us.

"'Here, brother,' said a voice at this moment at the door.

"And the radiant vision just entering was introduced to me as Miss Nellie Harding, the only daughter of the house, and for this reason petted and indulged to her heart's content.

"She was of medium height, and a perfect blonde; she had the brightest, merriest face, and the gloomy old rooms seemed to light up as soon as she entered them.

"It is needless to tell you of my rapid improvement—of the walks and drives I took with the charming Nellie, and the moonlight row on the river that lay about a quarter of a mile from the house.

"I had not been at Mr. Harding's house a week before I was in love with beautiful Nell Harding. I smile sometimes when I think of my utter folly, and the treachery by which this woman betrayed my trust.

"But I am anticipating. Sometimes I would flatter myself that she really cared for me; but her moods were so variable that I alternated between hope and fear. At last, however, suspense grew intolerable, and I determined to learn my fate.

"It was the last night of my stay with the Hardings, and they had given a lawn party in my honor. The grounds reminded me of fairyland, with the Chinese lanterns lighting up the scene, and the brilliantly-attired guests flitting here and there. I had been dancing with Nell, who looked lovelier than ever, to one of Strauss' dreamy waltzes, and at its close I proposed that we should walk down to the river. She consented, and being inspired, I suppose, by the moonlight and the brilliant scene we had just left. I could restrain myself no longer, and told her the old, old story that is ever new, and was made unspeakably happy by her consent to be my wife.

"We were so engrossed with each other that we had not noticed the flight of time, and returned to the house as the last guests were leaving. As we were crossing the lawn, a ragged little urchin ran up to Nell, and hurriedly placed a note in her hand. At sight of the writing her face grew ghastly, and she would have fallen had I not caught her in my arms.

"'What is it, Nell?' I inquired, anxiously. But she hastily assured me that it was nothing, and that she only felt a little faint.

"Just then Mr. Harding joined us, and Nell, saying she was tired, bade us good night.

"Feeling in no mood for sleep in my present state of happiness, I said something to Frank about taking a smoke, and telling him not to wait up for me, passed out of the open window, and wended my way towards the river. There was a large willow near the shore, and under this a rustic seat, where I had often sat with Nell.

"Throwing myself down here, I began to muse on the great blessing that had fallen to my lot, when the stillness of the night was broken by voices, one of which I instantly recognized as Nell's. Looking through the branches, I saw the figure of a man beside her, but could not distinguish his features. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins as I saw him stoop and kiss her twice, and heard him say, 'My darling, I thought I should never see you again.'

"I waited to hear no more, but hastily retraced my steps, cursing the faithlessness of woman, and of this one woman in particular. This, then, was what the note meant—an appointment to meet her lover. And I had thought her so pure and good; so far above the generality of her sex! I vowed that I would never willingly look upon her false, beautiful face again. Even at this late day the bitterness of that night comes back to me.

"I explained to Frank that I should be obliged to leave by the early train, asked him to make my adieu to the family, and in a short time I had left the place far behind me, and was being whirled towards home. Before I left I wrote to Nell, telling her I thanked Heaven I had discovered her perfidy before it was too late, and that I never wanted to look upon her face again.

"It is five years since this all happened, and I have never heard from her since. I saw by the papers that old Squire Harding was dead, and that the place had been sold. And now do you wonder that I have never married, or why I shun the society of woman?"

"You are wrong, Tom; you make your case the rule, and not the exception. There are many pure and true women yet in the world; and I prophesy that you will find one in whom your heart can trust."

"Never, Harry! Time shall prove what a false prophet you are."

"Whoever lives the longest will see the most!" declared the doctor, with a wise shake of the head. "But, Tom, I want you to come up to dinner on Wednesday. You have never yet met my wife, who has heard so much about my old chum that she is quite anxious for an introduction. Say you will come!"

"Yes, I will come."

"Very well; at six, sharp. And now, as I have an appointment, I must be off."

Wednesday evening came, and at six o'clock Mr. Lennox was ushered into Doctor Matthews' cheerful drawing room.

The doctor came forward to welcome him, and introduced his wife, who made some pretty speeches about any friend of her husband's being more than welcome.

"Allow me to present you to my friend, Miss Harding, Mr. Lennox. Mr. Lennox, Miss Harding!" said Mrs. Matthews.

And turning, Tom was confronted by none other than his old sweetheart, Nell, who returned his rather stiff bow with a slight inclination of the head.

Her surprise at meeting him seemed quite as great as his own.

After he had time to observe her, he noticed that she was greatly changed; she looked pale and thin, and doubtless her mourning dress accounted for the sad face.

Tom felt all his old love returning as he looked at her, so changed from the bright Nell of other days.

Presently their hostess asked Miss Harding to sing, and as she arose to obey, Mrs. Matthews turned to Tom, and said, "It seems so nice to have Nell with me. We used to be room-mates and fast friends at boarding school, but somehow I lost sight of her until, about a month ago, I found her teaching in the family of a friend of mine.

She looked wretched, and after much persuasion on my part I induced her to give up her situation, and spend a month or two with me in order to recruit.

"Her people were formerly quite wealthy, but the eldest son, after plunging his father into debt, completed the list of his enormities by forging a check for a large amount, and then quitting the country. The disgrace killed his mother, and old Mr. Harding followed shortly after; and as Frank had married and settled in a distant State, Nell was left alone. She was devotedly attached to that scamp of a brother of hers, and used often to meet him in the grounds after her father had forbidden him the house. But I ought to apologize for telling you all this, Mr. Lennox, as it cannot interest you."

"Pray don't apologize my dear Mrs. Matthews; I have been greatly interested in the story. I was personally acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Harding."

"Indeed! I was not aware that you were a friend."

It is needless to say that Tom had listened with breathless interest to the recital. It was all explained now. How he cursed his mad folly for having so misjudged her. It was her brother whom she had met that night at the river. Idiot that he was not to think of it before. Oh, if she could ever forgive him.

At this juncture he discovered that he and Nell were the only occupants of the room; and walking over to the piano, he said, "Nell, my darling, can you ever forgive me? I shall never forgive myself."

And then he told her of the scene he had witnessed on the night of his departure from her former home, and of all he had suffered in believing her false.

Her only reply, when he had finished, was to place her hand in his; and as he clasped her in his arms, he said, "Nell, promise me that you will marry me in a week, or I am afraid that I shall lose you again."

"You don't deserve it; but I may promise to consider the matter," said Nell.

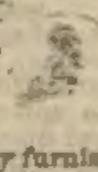
"Consider what, pray?" said Doctor Matthews, just entering the room.

After he had heard the story, he slyly asked Tom if his views had not undergone a slight change; whereupon that gentleman very politely told him to hold his tongue.

The important question was finally decided, and in a few days a special license was obtained, and a quiet wedding breakfast took place at Doctor Matthews' house; and in all the world I think you will not find a happier couple than Nell and Tom. Their sky is all the brighter for the brief storm that for a time obscured its brilliancy.

Lodgings to Let.

BY HENRY SETLEY.



TO let?" said the agent. "Ready furnished? For a month? Really, ladies, I'm very much afraid I haven't any property in my hands—not at present, at least—will meet your expectations."

"I've plenty of unfurnished houses, and plenty to rent for a year."

"But for a month? There isn't any such real estate in the market—there isn't indeed."

"We don't want an unfurnished house," said Angela Frost.

"And we have no occasion to use a house for a year," added Josephine, her tall blooming young sister.

The agent bit the end of his quill-pen and looked at them dubiously from behind the ink-splashed rails of his desk.

"We are school-teachers," Miss Angela explained, "and we have just a month's vacation; and we want to spend it in a healthy country place, where I can botanize, and where my sister can sketch from nature."

"Ah," said the agent, "ah. Indeed I'm very sorry, ladies, but I haven't any property in the market hereabouts that will meet your ideas."

"What time does the evening stage leave the hotel?" Josephine asked, rather despondently.

"At five, I believe," the agent replied.

And the two ladies went slowly out of the stuffy little room with its high desk, its floor covered with cheap oil-cloth, and its general atmosphere of stale tobacco smoke.

"I'm so sorry, Angel," said the younger. "The air of these pine-wooded glens is the very thing for your asthma."

"And the little river in the deep gorge is such an exquisite study for your paintings, Jo," said Miss Frost fondly.

"Couldn't we live in a barn?" suggested Jo, with a comical arch of her eyebrows.

"I'm afraid not," sighed Angela.

The real estate agent in the meanwhile had hardly smoked a pipe and read the local paper, before the door burst open, and a short stout lady in a pink hat and feathers came in.

"Mr. Muggeridge," said she, handing him a key, "you may let Ivy Glen, or you may sell it ready-furnished, with a cow, a poultry-house and the pony-chaise thrown in."

"Madame!" said Muggeridge, bewildered.

"I'm tired of it," said the lady. "Susie and Jennie are home-sick to get back to town, and so am I.

"I've been without a servant since Monday, and now I'm going to take the evening stage to town, and meet my husband before he starts for Ivy Glen.

"I daresay he'll be vexed, but I can't help it.

"And I've left word at the dairy farmhouse for my brother Duke to follow us."

"You couldn't let it *for* a month?" experimentally hazarded Mr. Muggeridge.

"I'd let it for three days," said the lady.

"I could find you tenants for a month," said the agent. "And perhaps at the end of that time something else might offer."

"Very well," said the lady. "There is the key."

And away she went; and Mr. Muggeridge clapped his hat on the back of his head and set off in hot haste to the hotel for an interview with the two young ladies who had so recently left the office.

And so it happened that Jo and Angel Frost took triumphant possession of Ivy Glen, a romantic cottage, half covered with the dark green glossy leaves of the vine from which it derived its name, with a boudoir, piano, all the pictures garlanded with pressed fern and dried autumn leaves and a library of novels.

"Mrs. Fitch must have been a very literary person," said Jo.

"And musical," added Angel.

"As for a servant, one would only be a nuisance," said Jo.

"I'll groom the pony myself," said Angel. "He's no bigger than a Newfoundland dog—the darling."

"And I'll milk the cow and feed the dear little chickens," declared pretty Jo.

"It's really an earthly paradise," said the elder sister.

"So it is," assented Jo.

The two sisters passed three days of unmitigated happiness in the deep ravines and cool flower-enamelled woods that surrounded Ivy Glen.

Angela made various valuable additions to her herbarium, and Jo sketched leafy nooks, bits of falling water and sunset effects to her heart's content, until finally a good old-fashioned rain-storm set in, of a July afternoon, and prisoned them in the cottage parlor.

"How stupid this is!" said Jo, starting up from her book, as the twilight shadows brooded darker and darker in the room. "Let's go down to the barn and talk to Dick and Frizzle. Poor dears! they must be as lonesome as we are."

Now, Dick was the pony, and Frizzle was the cow; and Jo and Angel were already upon the most affectionate terms of intimacy with them.

It was quite dark when Marmaduke Framingham opened the hall-door and strode in, shaking the rain-drops from his shoulders as if he had been a huge Newfoundland dog, and flinging his fishing-creel and tackle on the table.

"Lou!" he called, all over the house, in a cheery stentorian voice—"Louise!"

But, as might be expected, no answer was returned; and he went up to a certain pretty little circular-walled room, where he had been wont to keep his slippers, gun-case, and sundry other masculine appurtenances when sojourning with his sister, Mrs. Fitch, at Ivy Glen.

"It's as quiet here," he muttered, under his breath, as an enchanted castle. "Where is Lou?—where are the children?"

But he paused on the threshold.

Even by the waning twilight he could perceive that a general transformation had taken place.

A pretty easel stood near the window, the tall standards of the old-fashioned dressing-bureau were knotted with blue ribbons, the chairs were freshly draped with chintz, and a fairy work-basket stood beside the sofa, while upon the table lay a flower-twined gipsy-hat, a bunch of wild-flowers, and a pair of the tiniest gauntlet gloves that Mr. Framingham had ever set eyes upon.

"Hallon!" said Marmaduke; "Lou's got girl company. And she's put 'em in here, by Jove!"

He struck a match, lighted the prettily-painted candles in the brass sconces, and stared blankly around him.

At the same moment a clear, flute-like voice sounded below stairs.

"Come in, Angel, quick! Goodness, how the rain drives in at the door. What's this in the hall? A—man's coat!"

"Burglars!" shrieked Miss Angela, who was not so strong-minded in practice as she was in theory.

"And there's a light upstairs!" cried Jo.

"Preserve us," said Angela, beginning to tremble; "the house is on fire. Jo, Jo! don't stir a step. I insist that you shall not go upstairs!"

But Miss Josephine deftly evaded her sister's grasp, and rushed directly up to the little apartment which she had confiscated to her own use.

"Who are you, sir?" she sternly demanded, as standing in the doorway her gaze fell upon Mr. Marmaduke Framingham.

"I—I beg your pardon," began that gentleman.

"Leave the house!" said Jo, in the imperial accents of Queen Elizabeth condemning one of her courtiers to death.

"Jo, Jo, don't!" pleaded Angela, who had crept up in her sister's shadow, and was now weakly tugging at her dress. "Perhaps he's got a band of accomplices outside, perhaps he's a crazy man."

"Ladies," said Mr. Framingham, "if you will only permit me to explain——"

"Nothing can explain an intrusion like this!" declared Josephine.

"My sister, Mrs. Fitch, the occupant of this house——"

"We are the occupants of this house," inexorably interposed Miss Frost. "Mrs. Fitch has left the premises three days ago."

"I assure you," said Marmaduke, "that I was quite ignorant of any such change of arrangements. I have been on a fishing excursion up the hills, and supposed of course that my sister was here——"

"I'm quite sure he is a crazy man," interposed Angela.

"And as it is such a stormy night I beg only to be allowed to pass the night in the barn," concluded the supplicant.

"Your sister left word for you at the dairy farm," said Jo severely.

"But I came around by the other road," said Mr. Framingham.

The humor of the thing was too much for Jo—she burst out laughing.

"Angel, do stop twitching, my dear," said she. "Yes, you may sleep in the barn, Mr. —Mr.——"

"Framingham, ladies, at your service," said the disciple of Izaak Walton.

"Mr. Framingham then," said Jo. "But you must have some tea with us first. I am going to cut some cold tongue, and Angel will make fritters, and we have M. Blot's recipe for chocolate.

"I'm really sorry that I mistook you for a burglar."

"Or a crazy man," said Angela apologetically.

"And we will entertain you as hospitably as in us lies," added Jo, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

Mr. Marmaduke Framingham was afterwards heard to say that he never spent so delightful an evening in his life.

He engaged board at the dairy farm the next day, and instead of following his sister to the city, strayed down among the glens.

And when Josephine Frost's month of vacation had expired she went back to the city to resign her position in the school.

"I am going to be married," she confessed, blushing very prettily, when the mistress asked the reason why.

So Miss Angela Frost went on alone with her career in life, and Mrs. Marmaduke Framingham settled down for life at Ivy Glen.

"For," said she, "I think it is the sweetest spot in all the world."

"So do I," said her young husband.

Breaking the Ice.

BY HAROLD W. INGALLS.

MAGGIE, you have often heard me speak of Robert Royeston, son of my dearest friend. I have received a letter from him announcing his desire of spending the Christmas holidays with us.

"This is very pleasant news, and not altogether unexpected. If our two families had not been so widely separated you would, I trust, have formed, long ere this, a lasting attachment for the young man who is in every way worthy of the sincere regard of a true woman."

Little Maggie Germon stared at her father in astonishment.

"Why, papa?"

Mrs. Germon smiled over her coffee-cup.

"Your father's words sound strangely to you, Maggie, because we have kept secret that which it is now time for you to know. We have always hoped that when you were of proper age you and Robert Royeston would marry. In fact, there was a sort of compact between the families that this should be so. Robert, whom you have never seen, is eight years your senior, being now twenty-five; and as he has known of his father's wish for several years, we may safely conclude that the object of this proposed visit is to make the acquaintance of his future wife."

A rebellious color was rushing into the girl's round cheek, and her red lips took on a half-scornful curl.

"Papa, you surely won't marry me to a man I do not love?"

"Pooh, chicken. What do you know about love? I met Robert Royeston last year, and a finer-looking young fellow a girl could not wish for a lover."

"I won't have him; and I'm sure he must be a—a—a regular goose!" sputtered Maggie, struggling frantically for some fitting word by which to express her contempt for Robert Royeston.

And then she marched out of the breakfast room and up to her chamber in a very desperate frame of mind.

There was her bed waiting to be made, and Maggie went at it with right good will, shaking and beating the mattress and bolsters much as if they were the absent Robert Royeston himself.

Suddenly a new and amusing idea flashed through her curly head, and she sat down to consider it, breaking now and then into little ripples of merriment, while her look of anger gave way to one of mischievousness which it must be confessed sat very bewitchingly upon her features.

After that, whenever Mr. Royeston was mentioned, Maggie listened demurely, dropping her long lashes in order to hide the laugh in her great brown eyes.

He came earlier than they had expected.

It was nearly three weeks before Christmas, when Maggie, returning one day from the village, discovered a generous-sized trunk in the front hall marked with the initials "R. R."

"Ah!" she ejaculated softly, "so the elephant has arrived—and means to stay too, to judge from the size of his trunk."

And smothering a laugh behind one slim hand, Maggie removed her wraps and went into the parlor.

Here she was introduced to a kingly-looking young fellow, with smiling hazel eyes, and dark hair cut closely to his handsome head.

Robert saw a remarkably pretty girl, who said very little while Mrs. Germon remained in the room, but who, on her mother's departure to superintend the preparing of supper, began to talk and laugh very freely, using abominable grammar, and revealing such lamentable ignorance and ill-breeding that Robert could scarcely disguise his surprise and astonishment.

During the week which followed Maggie succeeded in putting herself into a most unpleasant light in the eyes of her guest.

She observed none of the rules of etiquette.

She was awkward and slangy and boisterous, and the young man shrunk in horror and dismay from the thought of making her his wife.

One day, however, he overheard a bit of confidential talk between Maggie and a girl friend.

He was reading in the sitting-room which opened from the parlor, the door between the two rooms being ajar.

It may not have been just the proper thing for him to do, but I am forced to confess that, when the two girls, quite unconscious of his proximity, entered the parlor from the front hall and began to talk of him Robert sat still and listened, while with much roguish laughter, Maggie rehearsed to the other girl her pranks of the past week—setting off her own extraordinary performance and Robert's rather fastidious ways to perfection, and convulsing her audience in both rooms.

And then, after a little pause, Robert heard her murmur dolefully:

"But, oh, Rose! I do like him after all! He is perfectly splendid; but I never will own to it now, after all I have said and done!"

And then the girls sauntered out of the room, leaving Robert feeling guilty and conscience-smitten at the thought that he had been playing eavesdropper.

After that he began to study Maggie anew.

By degrees she was falling back into her own charming, natural self, and Robert began to realize with a feeling of relief that she had been acting a part.

By Christmas week he was very much in earnest; and being no faint-hearted lover, he was determined not to give up, but to persevere until he had won for his very own this small bundle of fun, and willfulness, and witchery.

It was the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

Making inquiries concerning the whereabouts of Maggie, Robert was informed that she had gone to visit a poor family across the fields to carry them a Christmas basket.

Fifteen minutes later, following Mrs. Germon's directions, Robert stepped into the entry of a miserable little hovel which stood by itself away from the main road.

He tapped at an inner door, and, in response to the call "come in!" entered.

On a bed in one corner lay a woman whose pale thin face was actually radiant as her gaze clung adoringly upon the figure of Maggie Germon, who with her scarlet hood pushed back from her clustering curls, was sitting before the hearth with a child of twelve months in her arms which she was feeding with a cup of bread and milk.

Two older children, a boy and a girl, were kneeling beside her, and to these Maggie was talking in a bright, sweet hopeful way, which brought a sudden admiring gleam into Robert's eyes.

His appearance broke up the tableau.

Maggie hurried the last spoonful of milk down the baby's throat, nearly choking it in the operation; and promising to send the poor woman some wood before night, she pulled on her hood and mittens, and hurried Mr. Robert Royeston from the house; not, however, before he had slipped a crisp bank-note into the sick woman's thin hand—a proceeding which did not escape Maggie's keen eyes, although she kept her own counsel concerning it.

On the way home she chattered, and laughed, and sang, that her companion might have no opportunity of putting into words the thoughts which spoke plainly enough in his dark eyes.

After tea, watching Miss Maggie, he saw her go down the road with her tiny skates over one arm.

A short search in his trunk brought to light a handsome pair of his, with which he started after the young lady.

Half-a-mile down the road was a large pond in splendid condition for skating.

Here Robert found Maggie quite alone, darting swiftly over the smooth glittering surface.

It was the work of a moment to buckle on his own skates, and then he was upon his feet and after her.

Maggie saw him, and with a little defiant laugh she sped down the pond; on, on, until gliding swiftly over a treacherous spot she felt the ice bend beneath her weight.

She turned to warn her pursuer—too late!

With his handsome face flushed, and laughing as he gained upon her, he came on.

There was a crash, a half-repressed scream from Maggie, and Robert Royeston was in the water.

A few rods distant an old rail fence ran across the ice, where the pond had shallowed to a sort of marsh.

In a few minutes, which seemed like hours to Maggie, she had reached the rails, and had beaten and shaken them with her little cold desperate hands until she had loosened one.

And now, while Robert kept himself afloat, and coolly broke the thin ice about him, Maggie pushed the rail across the opening.

She was very white, and the clear brown eyes had an expression of horror and anguish.

Robert smiled at her as he laid one arm over the rail.

"Maggie," he said, "I will not do a thing to save myself until you promise to marry me. Will you?"

Two small red-mittened hands went towards him in a gesture, which, if not very graceful, was eloquent; and the next mo-

ment Robert was beside her, and Maggie had yielded to the inevitable.

For a week following Robert was victim to a severe cold; but Maggie proved an extraordinary nurse, and when Robert Royeston returned to his home there glittered upon the engagement finger of Maggie's left hand a ring that she had never worn before.

Squire Parkins.

BY A DOWN EASTER.

I GUESS you never heard tell of our town, did you? Well, if you aint, I rather guess you don't take the papers. For about the time of the land fever it was cried up awfully; and some chaps down there in Portland got hauled in to the tune of ten dollars the acre.

And as to that matter, it wa'nt to be wondered at, all things considering.

For one Squire Parkins came up there, and made a kind of map of it—and may I be bil'd into apple-sarse if it wa'nt the curiosest thing for a map that my eyes ever lit upon. Squire Parkins staid at our house at the time, so I seed the making of the whole consarn.

The reason he staid there was because marm's pan dowdy somehow agreed with him.

Well this map that I was telling of, the squire ruled all into squares, and then the way he put in the red and yellow ochre was a caution, I tell you.

May I be bil'd into apple-sarse if it wa'nt for all the world like a checker board, and at first I thought it was one.

But jist as I supposed the squire had given it the last touch, what does he do but takes a bit of blueing, and starting at one corner of it, makes a kind of zigzag mark clean throught it.

"By Johoshaphat," says I, "if—."

"No swearing," says the squire.

"Well," says I, "if you hav'nt dish'd that ere checker-board may I be lick'd into——."

"Tut, tut," says the squire, "that's a map of Snugville."

"Well," says I, "if that wouldn't puzzle a lawyer; and that blue streak, I take it, is our Virginny fence."

"No, you dunder head, that's a river."

"A river in Snugville! why Squire Parkins! Now," says I, "I've made tracks on every lot in this ere section, and if there's anything like a river that my legs can't straddle, may I be bil'd into——."

"That's gammon," says the squire, "all gammon; there's river enuf to float all the logs that will be cut here this twenty years."

Upon that I screamn'd a scream, I tell you. Says I, "Squire upon that ground I'm boat all hollow."

Well, as soon as the squire had done ilnevating his map, what does he do but insist on it that I must go out with him on a splorifikation.

At first I rather hung back, cause there was no more chance of finding a lot of pine trees than there was of finding a mare's nest.

Howsomever at last marm took up for him—for you see he kept palavering about her pan dowdy, and then backing out was not to be thought of no how.

I had as lieve's be in a hornet's nest as try to thwart marm in anything she's bent upon.

Well, at last we started off; and arter we'd travell'd a long spell without seeing anything but here and there a scrub, the squire observ'd that he was nearly tucker'd out, and upon that we halted.

"Simon," says he, "this is a dry business, and I rather guess you'd better take a drop."

"Well," says I, "I don't care if I do."

Upon this he took out a junk bottle, and sticking it up in my fuss, "There," says he, "that's the real ginuine."

And then he shook it, and shook it, and it bore ahead I tell you.

"Well," says I, "squire, here's hoping;" and the way I swigg'd was a caution, for I was dry as marm's beans when she forgets to put the pork in.

Well, arter we'd given our shanks a pretty good resting spell, and arter I had taken another swig by way of starter, we jog'd on a piece further.

Howsomever, we hadn't made a long hitch of it, it wasn't a mile anyhow, before the squire, who leg'd a little, bawl'd out, "Stop, Simon, stop!"

"Why, what the duce is the matter now?" says I.

"Simon, says he, "don't you feel a grain dryish?"

"If I don't," says I, "may be bil'd into apple sarse."

"Well," says he, "take another horn of the ginuine—it will serve to strengthen the inner man."

"After you is manners," says I. Upon that the squire took a sip or so; he did'nt liquorize much, cause he said he'd signed the pledge, and then he shuk it as he did before.

"Well, there was no mistake when he thought I was dryish. The moment that ere liquor struck my tongue you might have heard it guggle, guggle, like a gallon jug at a raising—it was a tickler I tell you.

Now I had always had an idea that nobody could tell me nothing about Snugville, seeing I'd been over it a hundred times; and I'd have bet a whole dollar to a sheet of gingerbread that the whole town was as flat as a pancake.

But some how, when he started arter this last swig that I've got been telling of, the ground seemed to be peskey uneven, and sometimes I found myself brought up all standing.

But what bother'd me the beatermost was to see how I'd miscalculated about the stumpage.

I'd always said, and so had dad, that there was'nt in all Snugville five hundred of marchantable pine to the acre.

But, would you believe it, there was now, for a rough guess, nigher five thousand. Now there couldn't be any sort of mistake about it, for when I observed it to the squire he said I had underrated, and that it would been a notch or two higher.

"You're all a fever," says he, "a walking so fast, and can't judge anything about it—take another horn, Simon, and cool off a little."

Well, I did feel a little hottish that's a fact, and so I took a putty considerable swig I tell you.

Upon that we took another start, and the furder we went the thicker the trees grow'd till at last, says I, "Squire, if uncle Ben can squeeze through this clump without touching, may I be——," but here the squire broke out in a haw, haw, like all possess'd, and observ'd that there was over ten thousand to the acre.

"Over ten," says I; "over twelve, and not counting the conchous ones."

And then he haw, haw'd again louder than ever, and ask'd if I was willing to certify it.

"Yes," says I, "on the spot, if I don't may I be bil'd into apple sarse."

"I know'd you would," says he; and upon that he fumbled awhile in one of his long pockets and took out an inkhorn and a bit of paper.

And arter he'd scratch'd a few lines as he rested on a windfall that was there—he asked me to squat down and sign it—and likewise I did.

"Well," says the squire, "I guess we've splorified about enuf—and as it's getting towards daylight down, suppose Simon we take up a back track."

"Agreed," says I; for I found I was getting dryish again—and as to squenching thirst out of the squire's bottle that wouldn't be done, no how—'twas as dry as I was. Well, as we were jogging along, says I, "Squire, what are you going to do with that ere paper, and checker board?"

"Why," says he, "I'm going down to Portland to help some young men there. I mean to sell them my land on such a lay that they'll make a fortin by it."

"Squire," says I, "give us your hand—now that's christian like."

Well, as I was saying, he cleared out the next morning bag and baggage; and the next news I heard was that the squire had been helping on 'em down there in Portland in a way to kill.

And how do you think he did it? Why he sold out whole consarn for ten dollars an acre, one third right down on the nail, and no grumbling.

"Dad," says I, "if that's the way they help folks down in Portland, we'd better give 'em a lift with our hog lot; it will bear sartifying, for 'tis settling land any how."

How the Squire could sleep arter helping on 'em that way was a puzzler.

As for myself, for three nights afterwards I might as well tried to take a nap on a harrar.

The moment I fell into a doze, it seemed as if the squire took up that big windfall where I sartified and let it fall co-chunk right on the vitals; and if I didn't spring like all possess'd, may I be bil'd into apple sarse.

Well, it struck my mind some how that the squire would fork over putty considerable, seeing as how I'd sartify'd in the way I did; and so the next time he come up into our section I kind a hinted about it. But he was another guess sort of a man this time, I tell you.

He was rigg'd all out in superfines, gold watch, breast-pin, and ruffles, and scented up for all the world like a dandy.

When I stuck out my hand he kind a draw'd back, and stared like a stuck pig—'twas as much as to say, who are you, by the hoky.

And when marm set on the pan dowdy that he used to like so, says he, "toss that ere into the swill pail, and serve up a fry candy de fox," (friandeau de vaux.)

"Fry candy and what?" says marm; "you nasty creature you."

"Squire," says I, "if you mean our old fox that's chained in the barn-yard, you'll be as gaunt as a weasel before he touches your jaws, anyhow."

"You be hang'd," says he, "I can lick a dozen of ye."

Upon that I was putty well ril'd I tell you. "Lick me," says I. "Why the chap don't stand in your shoes that's up to that game. And as for that matter I'll bet a whole five dollar bill that the old fox, upon a fair pull, will jerk your carcase a couple of rods any day."

"Done," says he.

"Done," says I; "so plank the rhino, and we'll try it this arternoon."

Well, just back of our tatur field there was an mighty big mud hole—and as our hogs used to go and snooze there, if it wa'nt stumpy may I be bil'd into sarse.

On the north side we'd clean'd up a piece, and got it putty well into grass.

But 'tother side had all run up into alders.

Well, at the time fix'd upon we all went down to this grass ground by the mud hole. There was dad and marm, and the squire, and those of the Portland gentry that he'd been helping so.

"There, squire," says I; "there's the critter all ready, and he's up to chalk I tell you."

"And there he was sure enuf; for I'd been down before and fix'd him 'tother side of the mud hole right by the alders, and there I'd hitch'd him to a rope which stretch'd clean across to the grass ground.

"Well, when they seed the fox they all began to titter like mad—all but the squire. He look'd kind a dumb-founded, as if 'twas lowering to one of his cloth, and I guess would have slink'd out of it hadn't been for the five dollars.

"Squire," says I, "are you ready?"

"Ready," says he. And then he bustled up and grabb'd one end of the rope.

"Stop," says I, "fair play's a jewel. Gest let me take a turn of that rope round your superfines, cause why, if the fox gets the upper hand you'll let go and won't toe the mark."

"Tie and be hang'd," says he.

Well, now least I should lose the five dollars, I thought I'd fasten the fox to the middle of the rope, and 'tother end on it I had carried right in among the alders, where I had stow'd away 'Siah Prescott, Jim Smith, and our David.

The whole thing was cut and dried completely one hour or two before, when I drill'd 'em pretty considerably.

Says I, "boys hug the airth and lay close when you hear us coming on to the grass ground; and when I scream 'strain out,' then gerk like all nater."

"Squire Parkins," says I, "are you ready?"

"Ready," says he.

Upon that I let fall my under jaw, and says I, "fox strain out, strain out like twenty airthquakes;" and the moment I scream'd it, if the tarnal cretur didn't scratch for the alder stump may I be bil'd into apple sarse.

At the very first gerk the squire pitch'd to the very aidge of the mud hole—and the way he tugg'd and jam'd his heels into that soft clay was a caution, I tell you. But it wouldn't do no how.

The second gerk draw'd him right out of his boots, and losing his balance, he fell splash, ruffles and all, right into the very core on't.

I've seed some big eyes in my day, but I never seed any stick out like the squire's, as he look'd kind a sidelong at us while splashing through that mud hole.

How fur he got before he brought up 'mong the alder I can't say; for dad and marm, and the Portland chaps, fell right down flat, they haw, haw'd so; and as for myself, if I didn't make tracks may I be bil'd into apple sarse.

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.—A bank has $74,420 in its vaults. The cashier gets away with $60,382, and the bank settles with him for two-thirds. How much is the bank ahead, and what will the poor cashier do if next winter happens to be a hard one?

A house painter consumes forty-eight minutes in lighting his pipe; fifty-five minutes in telling stories; twenty-two in watching a kitchen-girl; thirty-six minutes in binding up a sore finger, and quits work nine minutes before 6. How much time did he beat his employer out of, and how long will it take him to work himself to death?

A boy who is sent on an errand stops to watch three dogs, plays marbles with four boys, climbs two shade trees, takes a short ride on a velocipede, makes up faces at three girls, and sits on a lumber-pile for fifteen minutes to help another boy learn to smoke. What did he get when he got home, and how long did it take him to make his mother believe that he had come in two minutes ahead of chain lightning?

A certain grocer, whose scales only weigh fifteen ounces to the pound, sells 330 pounds of various goods every twelve hours. Find what he gains weekly, and after you have figured it up do your trading with some other house.

A lady desires to divide five sunflowers among six girls so that each girl can wear one to the party. How can she do it without cutting one of the girls in two?

At one of Ell Perkins' lectures in Ohio in a hall seating 830 people one-thirtieth of the seats were jammed full of enthusiastic admirers. Find the number of seats which didn't admire worth a cent; also explain how far Ell traveled by Foot & Walker's line next day.

A dog starts out to overtake a cat. She has seventy feet the start and knows that he means business. At the end of every rod she slips back two inches and he gains four inches. How far must he leg it to overtake her and hush her yeowls forever?

Three sticks of stove-wood weighing five and a half pounds bend a boy's back four inches out of plumb. How many additional sticks will it take to make his chin touch his knees?

A woman calls at thirteen different dry goods' stores, walks a distance of three miles, enters three millinery shops, halts before seven show windows, calls upon two jewelers, and takes the car for home, calculating to freeze the human hyena who doesn't vacate his seat for her the instant she gets her nose inside the door. Find out how many—? Come to think of it, you've found it all when she drops down without a "thank you."

M. QUAD.

THE Middletown Press says that a lady on Monhagen avenue extracted from her ear with a pin a watermelon seed which had been there thirty-years. She intends to plant the seed to see if it will grow. This lady's experience has not been in accordance with the recognized code, although we cannot but admire the devotion to truth displayed by our enterprising contemporary. By rights the seed should have grown to be a healthy melon, and remained in the lady's head until the melancholy end had come.

THE POET'S LOT.—"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had nothing to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

Scientific and Useful.

TAKE CASTOR-OIL AND NOT TASTE IT.—Hold the nose tight, so as not to smell, and, better still, in addition, drink it from a bottle. The oil cannot be tasted.

ANÆSTHETICS.—The Vienna mixture of anæsthetics, under the use of which 8000 operations have been performed without a single accident, consists of three parts of ether and one of chloroform.

TOOTHACHE DROPS.—Powdered gum camphor, one ounce; chloral hydrate, one ounce. Rub them together in a wedgewood mortar until they liquefy. Apply to the cavity on a small piece of cotton.

SOFTENING PUTTY.—A good German method to soften and remove hard putty: Dissolve potash in water, and add caustic or fresh lime. After a time pour off the clear liquid and bottle for use. Moistened with this, putty quickly softens. It should be added that the fresh lime makes the potash intensely caustic, and it should be kept from the fingers.

HAIR FALLING OUT.—A prominent European physician, says he has used the following successfully for falling hair after fevers: Zinci sulph., 10 grains; quinia sulph., 20 grains; tincture cantharides, 1 ounce; bay rum, 2 ounces; glycerine, 2 ounces; water, 2 ounces. Mix. To be brushed or rubbed into the scalp with much gentle shampooing.

COPPER AND MILK STAINS.—A leading industrial journal recommends the use of glycerine to remove coffee or milk stains. The silk, woolen or other fabrics is painted over with glycerine, then washed with a clean linen rag dipped in lukewarm rain-water until clean. It is afterwards pressed on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron as long as it seems damp. The most delicate colors are unaffected by this treatment.

RUBBER RINGS.—When rubber rings are used for steam, gas and other pipes, the following cement can be employed to prevent any escape: Rosin is pulverised and mixed with ten times its weight in ammonia. A viscous mass is obtained, which liquefies by itself after three or four weeks. This mass adheres very well to caoutchouc, as also to iron or wood, and when the ammonia volatilizes the cement hardens and becomes impermeable to gases and liquids.

Farm and Garden.

LEATHER AND METAL.—To cement leather to metal: Wash the metal with hot gelatine; steep the leather in an infusion of nut-galls (hot), and bring the two together.

THE GRUB-WORM.—Of the grub-worm that destroys strawberry plants sometimes, it is said by sowing salt freely now—say two or three barrels to the acre—and in spring plowing and harrowing well and setting plants, that grubs will disturb the plants but very little.

POULTRY.—A breeder of poultry says: "Every spring I procure a quantity of cedar boughs and scatter them plentifully in and around the hen house. This is all that is necessary, as the odor of cedar keeps away lice. The remedy is cheap, simple and effective, and is worth trying."

COLIC IN SHEEP.—The following is recommended as a cure for colic or stretches in sheep: One-half pint of lard to which one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper has been added. The attacks can always be prevented, however, by giving a feeding of potatoes or turnips every day.

FAT ANIMALS.—Breeders have noticed that a remarkable development of the tendency to lay on fat is usually accompanied by a deficiency of constitution, a diminished secretion of milk and a loss of fecundity. Very fat animals are not likely to be good breeders; in fact, the excessive production of fat is incompatible with a high development of the productive powers.

PERCHES.—In arranging perches for fowls allow six inches for each bird. The perch should not be placed high when there is no space for the birds to fly down with a gradual swoop, as is natural to them when roosting in open places. Three feet from the ground in confined places, is high enough. The perch should be far enough from the back wall to keep the tail plumage clear.

PREMIUM BUTTER.—A successful farmer describes his method of making premium butter as follows: The milk is set in tin pans and the cream taken off when the milk has soured. When churned, the buttermilk is thoroughly worked out and the butter salted to taste. The next morning the butter is worked again and weighed into pound balls.

VERBENAS.—To grow verbenas successfully, plant them in beds cut in the turf. Chop the turf well, and, thoroughly mix with it a good share of well-decomposed stable manure. Never on any account plant verbenas in old and worn-out garden soil, as they will most assuredly fail. Give them a change of soil each season, as they do not thrive well two years in the same bed. As a house plant the verbena is not a success.

THE BLOOM OF FLOWERS.—No plant can continue in bloom if nature is permitted to do her work completely, for the going to seed exhausts the energies of any subject, and stops everything else. By constantly removing decayed flowers before a seed pod can swell, the growth of the plant and the continued development of new buds and flowers upon the new growth are matters of course. It is only necessary to cut away the dead flowers, and the season of bloom will be prolonged.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 6, 1882.

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SOMETHING TO SAY.

Conversation has been declared to be something which, in our day, must be classed among the "lost arts." In this age, when everybody who has anything to say rushes into print, and the newspapers keep us informed of all that is going on, important or unimportant, there is neither the stimulus nor the material for that elaborate talk which once graced the table. It is not necessary, however, that one should be a great man in order to be a good talker, and for the ordinary commerce of social intercourse we do not want doubloons or heavy ingots as a medium of exchange. Conversation may be instructive when it is not profound, and it may be pleasing and profitable, as a relief from toil, when it is neither profound nor peculiarly instructive.

A good talker will adapt himself to the company. He will avoid such topics as are likely to excite wrath and opposition. He will abstain from all inquiries and allusions which are likely to wound the feelings of his auditors. He will never assume an air of intellectual superiority, and talk philosophy to plain people, or indulge in learned references which they cannot be supposed to understand. The moment a man begins to talk for effect—or, as the common phrase is, to "show off"—he becomes a nuisance. A good talker will give to others an opportunity for a fair share in conversation. The man who says comparatively little, but manages to set everybody else to talking pleasantly, is the sort of a person we like. It is said of certain men and women "They do not seem to have much humor of their own, but they have a singular gift in brightening the wits of others." Such persons are sure to be in demand.

Good talk must be, in a great degree, spontaneous. It is not easy to get interested in a conversation that is undertaken merely to pass away the time—as, for instance, when you are waiting for the train to start, or for some friend to arrive who has been belated.

A good talker is one who knows when to stop. When he has had his say, and everybody has accepted it, he does not think it incumbent upon him to go back where he began and say it all over again, with a few variations.

We do not mean to condemn, in general, what is called egotistic talk. When a man has done anything that is worth doing, we like to hear him him tell how he did it, and what were the obstructions that he overcame, and how he managed to overcome them. A man's own adventures may be the most interesting thing he can inform us of.

A really good talker is a great blessing in any community, and ought to be prized accordingly. It elevates your spirits to be told that you are about to meet such a man; you are sure that everything will go off well. He will make even his nonsense edifying—that is, what wooden-headed people call nonsense. Many a sharp truth is carried to the mark on the point of a very fantastic arrow.

There are many people a good deal too fond of hearing their own voices, and they, of course, talk an infinite amount of nothing. But to be certain that our talk will be acceptable, we should never speak unless we have something to say.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is proposed in Portland, Me., to give the children of the public schools a longer summer vacation than they have hitherto enjoyed. Three months is the period fixed upon.

—

THE St. Louis Medical Society has been considering the question of so amending their code as to permit consultation with homœopaths. The majority of a committee reported that the change ought to be made soon, but not just yet, and the minority favored immediate action.

—

THE consumption of horse-meat in Paris is growing steadily, and has already reached what would be considered as rather huge proportions in this country. The report for last year shows that nine thousand horses were served up in different styles in that city. There are now forty shops where nothing but horse-meat is sold.

—

A DOZEN years ago the late Mr. Longfellow wrote to a young student, who had asked him for a rule which might serve as a guide in writing: "It is difficult to give advice, even when we know persons and positions. With strangers it is impossible. I can only say in general terms: Be yourself; work out your own individuality."

—

WHAT is considered an achievement in the artificial cultivation of food fish, was the capture of an eel a short time ago on the eastern shore of San Francisco bay. It is the first one ever caught in California, and is the result of a plant made by the California Fish Commissioners. The specimen captured measured three feet in length.

—

THE Atlanta *Constitution* is urging the introduction of pennies in the South, and suggests that it might be effected by an order from the Railroad Commission requiring the railroad companies of that State to charge exactly three cents a mile, and to give exact change. This plan, it says, would carry the pennies not only to the chief towns of the State, but into every other part of it, and keep them in circulation. Georgia would in that way become the pioneer in a reform that would soon sweep over the whole South.

—

MANY Americans, Germans and English, with a few Russians, have opened the pilgrim season to Jerusalem. Monday of last week was the day when men, women and children plunge into the River Jordan, the bathing places of the Latins and the Greeks being placed far apart so as to prevent quarrels. One writer says that the bathing is done "regardless of appearances."

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DRUNKENNESS among women in New York has become so common as to attract attention to "high" as well as "low" life. The number of women arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct is greater now than at any time known to police annals in that city; while the intemperate habits of women in the higher ranges of society is deplored and feared by all people of refined sensibility.

—

The members of the Boston Photographic Association make but little progress towards adopting a uniform rule about the number of sittings to give without extra charge in cases where the dissatisfaction does not arise from any fault of the photographer. The notions of some fussy sitters are very trying to the operators, and there is no good reason why they should not establish a bound where their patience shall cease to be a virtue.

—

GYMNASTIC teaching in schools now being obligatory in France, all the elementary schools have been provided with a manual designed for boys and girls respectively. Apparatus has been presented to all schools applying for it; since 1879 more than 600 diplomas of professor of gymnastics have been granted; and even the most modest primary schools have had a number of guns placed at the disposal of the boys for practice in shooting—a preparation for their future military service.

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GERMAN undertakers do not exhibit their wares, as is the custom in America. Coffins are made by them to order when wanted. This custom prevails throughout the European Continent; it is only in large cities that any stock of the commodity is kept on hand, and then in an unobtrusive fashion. A few years ago an enterprising undertaker in Basel, Switzerland, started business in the American style, and put a couple of small coffins in his window. Crowds gathered to stare at the unwonted sight, and before the end of the week the police gave notice to the shop-keeper that "the unseemly exhibition" must cease.

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IN speaking of the lack of minor accommodations of railway travel in England, as compared with the comfort of that kind furnished in some other countries, a leading English paper says: "In affording minor points of comfort, in facilitating the amenities of travel, in inducing people not merely to leave home but to travel further, our directors have much to learn. They have to learn that it is wisdom to adopt the improvements of their neighbors, that it is folly to be rigid in trifles, and unaccommodating in those smaller graces and charities which convert a railway journey from an evil into a pleasure. Red tape is more venerable than useful, but it never looks to such little advantage as when it festoons a locomotive."

—

MONEY will buy a great many things, but it will not buy what makes a gentleman. If you have money, you can buy clothes, but hat, coat, pants and boots do not make the gentleman. They make a fop, and occasionally come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many dogs and horses do you think it will take to make a gentleman? Let no boy, therefore, think he is to be a man by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of these things does it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, and spend but but little money, and still be a gentleman.

—

THE Duke of Bedford is the largest holder of confiscated church property, which the famous antiquary, Spelman, endeavored to prove scarcely ever passes in direct succession from father to son. The present Duke succeeded an eccentric, childless cousin. His eldest son married, some years ago, a young and beautiful woman, but is childless, and leads a life of seclusion. Again, the Earl of Pembroke—whose ancestor the grantee of Wilton Abbey, is said to have replied to the remonstrances of the rejected nuns, "Go spin, you jades, go spin"—succeeded his uncle, and he, too, is childless. The late Duke of Portland, the next largest owner of church lands to the Duke of Bedford, was one of four brothers who all died childless, and is succeeded by a first cousin's son, at present unmarried.

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ALL confectionery is dangerously adulterated, the chief substances detected being gamboge, lead, copper, mercury and chromate of lead. In sugar almonds, lozenges and other common confectionery poisonous colors are often employed to dangerous extent. A pale or deep pink color seems the least to be dreaded, because it is almost invariably given by cochineal. The most dangerous colors are yellow and orange. The danger arising from the use of colored sweetmeats may be avoided by a prohibition on the part of parents of every painted or colored substance made in sugar, but even then their children may not be safe. While sweetmeats are largely adulterated with chalk, pipe clay, plaster of Paris, starch, and though these substances are not poisonous, the effect on delicate children is not beneficial. Such dangers are obviated in Europe by the care of Government. In France the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce directs that the prefect of each town shall carry out the rules of scientific men. Similar rules were adopted in Germany as early as the seventeenth century.

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NAPLES is the largest city in Italy—nearly twice as large as any other—within 50,000 of Chicago, writes a correspondent; and this dense multitude live and move and have their being in huddling hives, from which they swarm like bees. This is believed to be their only resemblance to bees. They are as lazy as they are dirty. A Neapolitan's idea of heaven is to sit on a driver's seat and crack the whip over the head of a gothic horse. He seldom strikes the horse, but striking the whip is a special accomplishment of Naples, as mosaics are of Florence. In only two things have I ever seen a Neapolitan display any vigor—cracking his whip and scratching his back. Dirty!—The Neapolitan is the dirtiest living creature. Nine-tenths of the people on the streets look as if they had worn their clothes for years, and expected to wear them without washing until they drop off. They are generally of some hempen stuff or tow cloth, once white. One garment seems to be considered enough, and two superfluous.

—

OF all substances apparently the least likely to be used in the construction of a fire-proof building, cotton would perhaps take the first rank, and paper the second; and yet both these materials, says the *Industrial World*, are actually being employed for the purpose indicated, and their use will probably extend. A preparation called celluloid, in which cotton is a leading ingredient, has been used of late as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of such articles as billiard-balls and paper-cutters; and now a Canadan manufacturer has invented a process by which compressed cotton may be used not merely for doors and window frames, but for the whole facade of large buildings. The enormous and increasing demand for paper for its normal uses as a printing and writing material, prevents the extended use of papier-mache as a building material, for which it is so well suited in so many ways; but the production of cotton is practically unlimited, and there seems to be a large field available for its use in its new capacity as a substitute for bricks—or at least plaster—and wood. Treated with certain chemicals and compressed, it can be made perfectly fire-proof and as hard as stone, absolutely air and damp proof; and a material is thus produced admirably adapted for the lining—internal and external—of buildings of which the shell may or may not be constructed of other material, while it easily lends itself to decorative purposes.

MANY YEARS AGO.

BY C. A. DANA.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
As the young moon dipped and drifted
Her reflected bow,
Lived and died a dream of beauty
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow,
And enriched the cup of pleasure
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail and passion fleeting:
It is often so:
Visions born of golden sunsets
With the sunsets go:
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
Oh! the glory there that perished
None shall ever know,
Where a human heart was broken,
Many years ago.

The Two Shadows.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

I HAD just come down to spend a couple of months at Seafield, a watering place on the south coast, which was rapidly springing into fashion. My lodgings were very comfortable, and though not exactly facing the sea, still I could catch a glimpse of it from my windows.

But in winter time it looks chill and dreary; and when the keen winds are lashing it into fury, and driving its icy-cold foam upon the land, a little distance always lends an additional enchantment to the view.

I was only a solitary old bachelor—a wanderer on the face of the earth, without kith or kin; with no one to care about me. Jolly and free some of my friends often described my existence; exceedingly lonely I often thought it.

The world is full of mirth and laughter, but it is also full of mockery; and there were times when its gaiety and excitement began to pall; when, in the solitude of my own rooms—nay, even amidst the bustle of the ball room—an intense craving for human sympathy, for a fellow-soul with whom to freely communicate, used to take an overpowering hold upon me.

I was getting old—that was the truth of the matter; and longed to exchange the ceaseless whirl of dissipation for the peace and comfort of a quiet home. It was in this spirit that I arrived at Seafield.

On my first evening there, sitting by the open window—for the air, though cool and refreshing, was not chilly—I happened to glance across at the house opposite.

It was almost entirely in darkness, for one room only was lighted up. As I looked, there fell upon the blind a shadow—only a shadow, yet sufficiently clearly defined to show that it belonged to a tall and graceful woman; and in my imagination I thought I could distinguish her features; at any rate, I made up mind that she was beautiful.

Some time the shadow stood there still and motionless, and then the hands were raised and pressed tightly against the eyes, as if in agony. Then it vanished.

Yet again and again during the course of the evening did it come and go. My curiosity was aroused, and I sat there watching that white blind, through which a few rays of light struggled, with an interest so intense as to be almost painful.

Who could she be, and what was the cause of her sorrow? It was evident that she had a history—probably a history full of suffering.

It was very silly of me, but I had begun to conceive a strange liking for this unknown woman whom I had never even seen.

Many called me an old fool; perhaps they were right, for what could be more foolish than to allow one whom it was scarcely possible that I should ever know, to exercise such an extraordinary fascination over my mind.

Then there floated over towards me the words of a ballad which I used to love in my spring-time, long covered now with here and withered leaves; it was sung with such exquisite pathos, as, apart from the awakening of old memories, to bring the tears into my eyes, which so long had been dry.

Then the song ceased; the lights disappeared; and a solitary and saddened old man was left once more to his own meditations.

Anxiously I watched the house during the following day, and eagerly I questioned my landlady as to its occupants.

From her I learnt that the present tenant was a Mrs. Wentworth, a young widow, who had only recently come to reside there; beyond this, she could give me no information.

Day after day passed, and still Mrs. Wentworth never left the house—never even appeared at the window; it was evident that there was some mystery attached to her—a mystery which gave her an additional interest in my eyes.

But for some weeks her shadow as she passed and repassed the window was all that I was destined to see of her, and it was entirely to an accident that I was indebted for my first meeting with her.

Whilst engaged in buying some papers at the railway bookstall, I heard a voice asking for a first-class ticket to Priorly, a station about ten miles distant.

In a moment I recognized those sad, thrilling accents; and there, close beside me, stood the woman for whom I had so long watched and waited.

She was very lovely, with her exquisite, clear-cut features, and her melancholy, dark blue eyes; very lovely with her tall, majestic figure, which even the unsightly mourning of widowhood was not able to disguise.

To make up my mind was the work of an instant, and I also procured a first-class ticket to Priorly.

She was seated in a compartment in which there was only one other person, an elderly gentleman, evidently prepared, from his settled appearance and the multitude of his rugs and newspapers, for a lengthy journey.

Carefully secreting half-a-crown between my fingers, I advanced toward the guard, and dexterously slipped the coin into the hand outstretched to receive it.

"Guard, I particularly wish to travel alone with a lady-friend, and an old gentleman has obtruded himself into our compartment. Can you manage to get him out for me?"

"I'll see what I can do, sir," he replied, with a knowing glance; and a smile illumined his features as he observed my hair, which was already becoming grizzled. "Which one, sir?"

I indicated the unsuspicious old gentleman, who had just then inquiringly popped his head out in order to ascertain when the train was likely to start.

The guard rushed up to him excitedly, shouting out, "Where for, sir?"

"London," was the meek reply.

"Good gracious! you'll be in Southampton before you know where you are! Why didn't you ask whether you were right? Get out, sir, at once, as we are just off."

Nervously the old gentleman collected together his miscellaneous belongings; and then, without a smile, the official gravely showed him into the next compartment of the same carriage.

I laughed heartily at the man's cool self-assurance, and have often wondered since whether the victim of this innocent little practical joke ever awoke to the consciousness of the trick which had been played upon him.

Mrs. Wentworth was reading a book when I entered; and she never even raised her eyes to look at me.

It was evident that she was averse to observation, and to have addressed any trivial remarks to her would have been an unwarrantable intrusion upon her privacy. Thus I was forced to be content with admiring her by stealth.

Meanwhile, the precious moments were speeding rapidly away, and yet I had not advanced a single step towards acquaintanceship, when fortunately a detached leaf fell from her book, and fluttered to my feet.

Picking it up, I handed it to her, with a polite little speech, which necessitated some reply on her part, and then the way was fairly open for conversation.

Still we could only talk of commonplaces, and not of the topic in which I had taken such an ardent interest—herself.

But as we neared our journey's end I plucked up sufficient courage to say, "I hope you will not think me officious; but I am only an old fogey, with nothing to occupy my time, and if ever I can be of any service to you—for I can see you have some great sorrow weighing upon your mind—I shall be delighted."

She gave me a sweet and winning smile—the smile almost of a trusting child—which made my heart beat more quickly, as she replied, "I am indeed deeply grateful to you for your very kind offer.

"One's friends are seldom so generous, and it is all the more surprising in a complete stranger. I thank you very much; but you can do nothing for me."

"I hope you are not offended with me?"

Her eyes opened wide with surprise, and she regarded me earnestly for a moment before she replied:

"Offended! It is too rarely that I have met with kindness to be offended. If you have said what few people would, and if, as I think, your offer be no empty one I ought to feel pleased."

"I am proud that you have formed such a good opinion of me," I said, with a slightly heightened color even on my weatherbeaten cheeks; "and I should be glad to deserve it. We are, as you say, only strangers to each other. I should like to be friends."

Again she gazed wonderingly, perhaps a little doubtingly, at me out of her beautiful but sad blue eyes.

It was evident that she had seen but little of what the world calls life—that her prospect had been so overcast by sorrow as to have been extremely limited in extent.

Then she replied, mournfully, "I have no friends. You are better as a complete stranger to me."

"Better for whom?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Better for you, certainly; perhaps," with a slight hesitation, "better for both."

"I hold a different opinion," I said, firmly. "You may need a strong arm or an active brain some day. May I be your friend?"

"If you really wish," was the doubting response.

Then the train came to a standstill alongside of the platform at Priorly; and as I helped her out, I said, "Remember, I am now your friend, and am near at hand, for I live opposite to you."

She was more surprised than ever now. But she hurriedly held out her hand to me, and said, "Good-bye."

Almost before I had time to reply, a gentleman came up to her. She took his arm, and they walked slowly out of the station together.

My heart sank within me. I had come to regard her as perfectly alone in the world; as one, therefore, who, of all others, most needed the sympathy of a kindred spirit.

It was uncharitable, no doubt; but I was terribly grieved and angry at finding it otherwise—at learning that there was one who seemed to consider her as belonging to him.

Regardless of the unreasonableness of my feeling—for love, which had even then taken a fast hold upon me, is no logician—I hated the man with the keenest, bitterest hatred.

Disconsolately walking about the quiet little village of Priorly, I allowed two trains to pass without returning by them; but when at length another arrived, and she did not appear, I gave up all hope of seeing her again that day, and went back to Seafield to brood over my misfortune.

The next morning, much to my annoyance and disgust, I received a letter, which required my immediate presence in London on a matter of urgent business.

Thus I started off, but not without a regretful glance at the windows opposite. I thought I could see a beautiful sad face earnestly looking at me. It was probably only my fancy, but it served to cheer me on my way.

When my business was concluded, which was not till late in the evening, I repaired to my rooms in Clubland Place, and, tired with the journey, went early to bed, but not to sleep; for my thoughts would keep wandering back to Mrs. Wentworth.

No sooner were my eyes closed, than a grating sound at the window aroused my attention.

The moon was shining brightly, and it cast upon the white blind the shadow of a man.

Ignorant, probably, of my unexpected return, he was endeavoring to enter, and for this purpose was inserting a knife between the sashes, evidently in order to force back the catch.

Slipping quietly out of bed, I stole across to the window just as he had succeeded in opening it.

He pushed aside the blind, and was about to step in, when he suddenly caught sight of me.

The surprise was so great that he missed his footing and fell. There followed a dull thud and a groan, and then all was still.

Not another sound came up from the cold, hard flags beneath, and there was never even a quiver on that pallid, upturned face, which the moonbeams made more ghastly.

Hastily putting on my dressing gown, I descended to his assistance by means of the ladder carelessly left about by some workmen, which he had thought would serve his purpose so admirably, and which had wrought his ruin.

He lay there perfectly motionless; yes, he would lie motionless for evermore. Far beyond the reach of mortal help already, the burglar had met his death, with no time for repentance.

This awful occurrence gave me a fearful shock, which was not lessened by the thought that the man had come to a fearful end in the endeavor to do me an injury.

The inquest detained me several days in London, and I was heartily glad when I once more reached my snug little rooms in Seafield.

Some weeks elapsed without my having another opportunity of talking to Mrs. Wentworth; but at length, one evening, to my astonishment and delight, I observed her sitting on one of the benches in front of the sea.

She was reading, and did not notice my approach. Nervously I walked up to her, and seated myself by her side.

She was slightly paler and thinner than when I saw her last, and it was only too evident that her grief was wearing her away; still, she was very lovely as the setting sun cast a mellow light upon her beautiful features.

She appeared glad to see me, glad to meet her friend again; but I thought of that other, and probably dearer one, and felt far from joyous.

"I am delighted to have the pleasure of meeting you again, Mrs. Wentworth," I exclaimed, warmly, addressing her by name.

"It is very kind of you to say so," she murmured; and then, in a higher vein than she had ever displayed before, added, "But you have the advantage of me in knowing my name, whereas I am ignorant of yours."

"Do you care to know it?" I asked, a little anxiously.

She gave me a searching and almost distrustful glance as she replied, "A friend should not be anonymous; but perhaps you have dropped the character which you so lately assumed in the railway carriage."

There was a slight tinge of bitterness, almost of reproach, in her tones, and I had to reassure her.

"I am afraid you are inclined to judge me hardly," I said, earnestly. "I only wish you would test the sincerity of my friendship. My name is John Richardson, and I am a solitary old man."

A look of sympathy came into her eyes, for she, too, knew what it was to be lonely—she, too, had wearied of the ceaseless bustle of the world, and longed for peace and rest; ay, by her, even the dull, dead quiet of the grave would be welcomed.

A tear trickled down her cheek as she put her soft, white hand in mine for one moment, and said, "You, too, are sad; you, also, have had your troubles. I am very sorry for you!"

And she meant it, which is more than most do who say they are sorry.

Oh, how I longed to ask her to love me, and be my wife; to merge our separate sorrows in one stream, and to gild it with the light of one common joy.

Still, I dared not venture—I dared not, in the attempt to gain her love, run the risk of losing her friendship.

"I have begun to see," I replied, "that true happiness does not consist in our own gratification so much as in making others happy."

"And that is the reason why you offered to help me, in case I ever needed any assistance?" she inquired, in her innocence of the thoughts which occupied my mind.

I hesitated for a moment before replying, and then stammered out, like a silly schoolboy, "Yes—at least, partially."

Then, more confidently, "I took a very great interest in you because I could see you were in trouble. You were very different to the ordinary person one meets every day of one's life, and I liked you."

The earnestness with which I uttered the last sentences caused her to look at me with a nervous, timid expression; and whether it was what she saw in my face, or whether it was the effect of some sudden recollection, but she rose, saying rather abruptly, "It is late, Mr. Richardson; I have stayed out longer than I intended. I must bid you good-bye."

"I am also going in, and will accompany you as far as your door," I replied, in a decisive manner, which there was no gainsaying.

But few words were exchanged between us on the way, yet the sweet smile which for an instant flickered over her sad features was an ample reward.

As I turned to leave her, she asked, timidly, "Did you think my brother was like me?"

A great weight was lifted from my heart. Only her brother, after all. I went away without daring to utter a single other word.

That night I felt happy, and whistled away so gleefully in the solitude of my own room, as I sat watching the blind where that tall shadow occasionally fell, that my landlady wondered what stroke of good fortune had befallen me.

My hair was becoming scanty, and the little that remained to me was rapidly whitening; my forehead was not so smooth as it used to be, nor my eyes as bright, nor my bearing as erect; but my heart was light still, and the new gladness which had entered it had made me feel as young again as ever.

It perhaps would have been hard to account for this gladness. It certainly did not arise from any hope which Mrs. Wentworth had held out to me, nor could I ascribe it to any particular look or smile; yet I could not help thinking that she had already begun to take an interest in me—an interest which might develop into love.

Yet it was some days before I saw her again, and then a certain constraint in her manner only tended to foster and augment my hopes.

As this constraint on her part diminished in proportion as it increased on mine, I, too, became a little reserved towards her, and thus by degrees learned more of her inner life than I otherwise could have done.

Our meetings became very frequent—in fact, almost nightly; but it was long before I ventured to broach the subject which lay so close to my heart.

At length, one beautiful spring evening, when the sun was bathing the headland in a flood of light and dyeing the fleecy clouds a beautiful pinky color; when the yachts, with their white sails, were lolling on the quiet water; when the seagulls were lazily curling around in the air above us; when, in short, it was such a time as leads the least poetical amongst us to think of love and peace, without prelude or explanation I asked her to be my wife.

She shot at me one startled glance, and then buried her face in her hands.

For a time the silence was broken only by the rippling of the waves upon the beach or by the plash of the oars of some distant boat.

Frightened at the effect of my words upon her, I anxiously waited for her to speak.

Then, with a sudden outburst of determination, she unfolded to me her history, and revealed all the secrets of her past life.

Her home had been an eminent unhappy one, for her mother had died early, and her father, who had never entertained any affection for her or her brother, had soon married again.

Her stepmother was a cruel and harsh woman, who had rendered her existence scarcely endurable.

Thus, in despair, she had married a husband whom she had never cared about. He turned out to be a man of utterly depraved habits, and she had long since separated from him.

Fortunately her mother's small fortune had been left to her absolutely, and thus she was in this respect comfortably off.

Still this man was continually dogging her footsteps, incessantly demanding money, terrifying her with threats, and making her life a misery.

His associates were of the very lowest type, and there was no crime, however great, that he would scruple to commit.

She had endeavored to hide herself in Seafield; and her brother was stopping at Priorly, owing to some information that he had received, and which led him to suppose that this man was somewhere in the neighborhood.

It was her brother's intention to try and get him out of the country.

Some weeks back all traces of him had been lost. He had mysteriously disappeared, and it was thought that perhaps he had

fled in order to escape detection and capture.

It was indeed a pitiful story. It would have been very sad to listen to under any circumstances; but the extreme interest which for me surrounded everything connected with this poor suffering woman made it a hundred-fold more so.

I heard every word she had to say in perfect silence, not daring to give vent to my thoughts; only striving to repress my emotion, and to moderate my feelings.

When she had concluded, a mist clouded my eyes; and as I stretched out my hand to her, I said, slowly, "We shall be friends still—friends till death; bound all the closer to each other, because we both of us have our troubles, and ——"—here my voice trembled, and I paused for an instant—"perhaps we have a common trouble."

She did not reply in words, but a sweet, anxious smile lingered for awhile upon her features, and bid me hope where there was no hope.

Thus I said to her, pleadingly, "May I hope in the time to come? Promise me only that?"

With a quick, frightened look, she replied, "Hush! it is vain! We are friends; do not try to separate us as such."

She had taught me a sharp lesson; for was not I the tempter, and had she not bid me stand aloof?

Yes, it was a sharp lesson; and it recalled me to myself. I was afraid lest I might drive her away altogether.

We parted that evening as friends—to meet again only as friends.

That night as the shadow, which I now knew so well, fell upon the blind opposite, the thought of that other shadow occurred to me. Then an idea—nay, almost a conviction—flashed into my mind that there was a connection between the two.

I could not rest until I had written to her a full description of the man who had died in that awful manner.

Before long, the reply came back that it appeared to be the same. Inquiries soon showed that the police had a photograph of this man, who had been a well-known criminal; it was speedily procured.

There was no doubt about the matter now. She was free, and had been free for many months.

The rest is soon told. It is only the old, old story; but it is, nevertheless, a picture of sunshine.

We are happy now together; and the pale, sad face has cast aside its pallor and sadness, and has become bright and cheerful.

The confirmed old bachelor, though old and rather shaky, is a contented husband and father; and the house is full—sometimes a little too full—of the ringing laughter of merry children.

Lily's Lovers.

BY LYDIA GODDARD.

A SOLITARY figure, with few lines of comeliness or grace, John Hollaway sat upon the meadow gate, looking off into the distance. Suddenly an imperious voice broke the silence.

"Mr. Hollaway, please let me take down the bars. I'm in a hurry, and came the shortest way."

The young man started; he had not heard her approach, and there beside him stood the very object of his thoughts.

Lily Lawrence, the prettiest girl—so the popular verdict ran—in all the country round. A flush rose to John's sun-browned face as he quickly rose and began to take down the bars.

"Out for a walk, Miss Lily?"

"Yes," very briefly.

"So you are fond of quiet strolls? I am, too."

Lily drew herself up, and looked at the presumptuous speaker.

"Really, Mr. Hollaway, I don't see what it is to you——"

Then she stopped. She did not mean to be rude, but truly, she thought to herself, "He must be intensely stupid not to know how utterly indifferent I am to him."

But John was not stupid. He understood the unfinished sentence, and as he drew back without another word to let her pass, Lily saw that he did, and a shamefaced, compunctious look stole into her eyes.

Lily walked slowly along the road, half determined to turn back and apologize for her rudeness, until a turn brought her face to face with someone whose handsome eyes met her own with such a glad welcome that all other thoughts were for the time driven completely away.

It was Richard Blake, the most admired and courted young man in the village.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Lawrence! I was hoping I would meet you."

And the wavy black locks was bared to the breeze as Richard courteously lifted his hat and walked on beside her.

What a contrast to John Hollaway.

When Lily's home was reached, and with another graceful bow Richard had left her she did not go directly into the house, but lingered awhile among the flowers that filled their little garden. Her thoughts were very busy. She knew that she had behaved very unkindly to her old friend, and her memory went back to the first time she had met him. It was at a pic-nic, and she had fallen and sprained her ankle.

She remembered how the great fellow, so much stronger than his mates, had persisted in carrying her all the long distance back to her home. Since then he had shown in a hundred ways what she was to him, and knowing his noble nature, perhaps her heart would have gone out to him before this if Richard Blake had not come back from college.

But he had, and Lily fancied his gay, debonair manners, and his entertaining conversation, and like many another young girl, had begun to take for true, heart-deep love that liking which we all have for things pleasant to the sight.

And so she shook off her reproachful feelings, and went into the house.

"Why, mother, dear, what is the matter? Crying, and I out enjoying myself. Tell me, what is it, dear? Let me share your trouble."

Mrs. Lawrence lifted a face, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, crying, Lily, darling, but not from grief. Sit down here beside me, and let me show you what a load has been lifted from my mind this morning. Lily, I did not tell you, but some time ago Mr. Burton, the lawyer, came to me and informed me that the holder of the mortgage on our home was in need of money, and intended to foreclose, unless the mortgage were paid in full when he should demand it.

"Now, child, you know what a trouble has been weighing upon me, for I knew that it would be impossible for me to raise the sum necessary, and that we must leave the dear old home that we have loved so well. And now, this very morning, Mr. Burton came and told me that a kind friend, hearing of the intended foreclosure, has paid the amount in full."

"Who is it that has helped you, mother?"

"That's the strangest part of it, Lily. Mr. Burton said he had strictly promised not to tell me the name of my benefactor, and as to whom it can be I have no idea."

But though she did not say so, Lily had; and when later, in her usual impulsive way, she had told John Hollaway how sorry she was that she had been so rude to him, and then asked him frankly whether he was not the kind friend who had come so opportunely to her mother's relief, his manner confirmed her suspicions.

It is said that "gratitude is neighbor to love," and whether that be true or not, it is certain that from that time the manly young farmer was often in Lily's thoughts, while Richard Blake was just as steadily losing ground. But John, of course, did not know it. He was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and at length, after a hard struggle, had decided to abandon his hopeless suit and leave the field to that rival who evidently was the favored one. Lily noticed the difference; but, woman-like, she did not appear to care, and so the months went by much the same, until at length the crisis came.

The village in which our heroine lived was just on the shores of a little bay, and many were the pleasure parties that enjoyed a trip over its limpid waters.

One afternoon, Richard Blake, obtaining Mrs. Lawrence's consent, invited Lily to take a sail.

When they reached the beach, who should be waiting in readiness to manage the boat but John Hollaway.

"Hallo, Hollaway, are you turning into boatman?" exclaimed Blake, in astonishment.

Lifting his cap to Lily, John answered, "Not exactly; but Joe came to me in great distress, saying he did not feel well enough to go out, but had promised not to disappoint you, and knowing I could manage a boat he asked me to take his place. Joe has done me many a good turn, and so I could not refuse him," he added, wrongfully interpreting the little flush that had risen in Lily's face as she listened; "and he said, too, that it was your sister who was to be your companion. Else I should not have come; I would not for the world be a mar-sport."

The bitterness in his tone touched a like chord in Lily's heart. For some little time back she had been slowly but surely learning a lesson—the difference between real worth and mere glitter; and now her heart sank as she saw, or thought she saw, how completely her conduct had driven all affection towards her from John's mind, and that she had foolishly thrown away her own happiness.

"Well, Hollaway, I'm sure I'm much obliged. It's very kind of you," was Blake's reply.

And the two young men soon had the little craft in readiness for its fair freight.

Blake had seen John's liking for Lily, but his vanity had not been alarmed; he knew by experience the power of his dark eyes, and Lily Lawrence was like any other young lady if she were ten times prettier. So he reasoned.

They floated lightly over the blue water, anchoring after awhile under a bluff, and dropping their lines to fish. Lily chatted gaily in her own fascinating way, and never had she seemed more lovely in Richard Blake's eyes, while poor John, who had thought of late that he had driven her image from his mind, felt the old charm creeping over him again stronger than ever before; but he hid his pain manfully and kept his part in the lively conversation.

Time crept on, and just as they decided on returning, to their dismay the heavens suddenly clouded over, and a peal of thunder brought them to their feet in alarm. Squalls were not common upon the bay, but one was evidently now upon them, and John saw the great danger.

A moment, and they were dashing at a mad rate over the waves, while overhead the awful darkness gathered more ominously all the while, and every now and then vivid flashes of flame seemed to envelope them on all sides. Suddenly there was a blinding glare, then a terrific crash, and half the mast dropped over the bows, while the sails were dragged into the seething water. For an instant John was almost stunned; then his first thought was Lily. Where was she?

A second more, and he caught the gleam of yellow curls in the cruel waves among the tattered sails; the ropes had twisted about her light figure and dragged her over the bow.

He sprang to Blake's side.

"If she is to be yours, it is you who ought to save her! Quick, or it will be too late! Your chance will be gone!"

But Blake still cowered tremblingly where he was, unheeding the peril of the one he professed to love.

Another instant and John was struggling among the sails; a few seconds of awful suspense while the waves were tugging savagely at him, then, weak, almost fainting, he crept back into the boat with Lily's insensible form clasped close to his brave heart. He had saved her!

Then, still in imminent danger, they remained clinging to the dismantled boat, until, as suddenly as it had fallen, the squall lifted, and a welcome hail from the shore proclaimed that help was near at hand.

Lily came to herself at last, to find that John was holding her fast, with her face close to his own.

In an instant the memory of what had passed came back to her. She did not draw away, but raised her lustrous eyes to his as if to read his inmost thoughts; then the cold cheek pressed itself closer against his own, while her arms wound themselves softly around his neck.

"John—dear John!" was all she said.

And John knew that with the greatest peril the greatest blessing of his life had come to him; while Richard Blake, looking on with pale, scowling face, comprehended clearly that John's words had been prophetic when he had said, "Your chance will be gone."

A Domestic Affair.

BY IDA FLINN.

"MAGGIE!"

"Well, Tom."

"Come out here with me, and see the sun set."

"I have no time; and besides, your smoking makes me sick."

Maggie Trever's voice sounded half-cross as she answered, and Tom sighed, but said kindly:

"But, Maggie, I will throw my cigar away."

"I can't come. It's Saturday night, and I want to finish Mable's dress;" and Maggie went on with her work while Tom left the porch and went down to the gate alone.

"I wonder," he thought, as he walked on slowly, "I wonder what ails Maggie. She used to be so jolly and happy, and now she looks so sober, and never speaks without snapping as she did to-night.

"I need to think our life was going to be all I could wish, but now Maggie is not contented with what I can give her. She isn't happy, and I don't know what to do."

He had reached the gate, and leaning over it, he looked a long time down the street listening to the happy laughter of the village children; he had almost forgotten his own unhappiness in watching their sport, when he glanced across the way, and saw John Gordan and his wife sitting upon their doorstep, chatting and laughing, happy in each other—as he and Maggie used to be.

"Why couldn't Maggie have left her work and sat with me just a little while?" he thought. "John and Carry are so happy, but Maggie and I——"

He sighed heavily and looked away from the doorstep: "If she would only tell me if I have done anything or neglected to do anything. If she would only come to meet me, and kiss me when I come home, as she used to. No, I have not made her life happy as I meant to do. God knows I love Maggie, but as things have turned out, I almost wish she had married some one else; some one who could have given her a better home, and made things easier for her. Perhaps it would have been better; perhaps she thinks so, too."

And Maggie, busy with the frock which was to adorn Mable, was thinking too. Was she wrong, she asked herself, in refusing to go out to Tom? She might have been; but if she had gone she would have had to sit up late to finish the dress; and then Tom didn't act as though he cared much whether she came or not.

He was probably enjoying himself quite as well as though she had gone too; and so she turned back to her work again making the wheels fly round with a gentle buzz, which reached Tom still watching the children.

"Poor Maggie. She must be tired. I guess I will go in and sit with her; maybe it would have been better to have done that at first, but I didn't think.

"I never do think: I wish I wasn't so careless toward Maggie," and latching the gate, he walked back to the house in the twilight, trying to think of something he could do, to make Maggie happier.

"What makes you try to work in the dusk, Maggie, dear?" he asked kindly, as he entered the dim sitting room.

"If you want to read I will get a light."

"I don't want to read, Maggie; it was your eyes I was thinking of. I will get the light for you."

"No, no," said Maggie, as he started toward the kitchen. "You will be sure to break the globe, or spill the oil, or do something to make a muss. I prefer to get it myself."

As she left the room, Tom dropped into a chair, and rested his face against his toil-hardened hand.

"That's just the way it goes," he muttered wearily, and when Maggie came back she saw that Tom's face was pale and sad.

"What's the matter, Tom, are you ill?"

"Yes, Maggie, I am sick of life."

His wife stood behind him with her hands resting on his chair very near the boyish head. She had meant to caress the brown hair in the old way when she had come to him, but as he answered her, his words stung as they fell deliberately from his white lips, and she stood still for a moment, and then without a word turned away.

Tom's eyes were closed so that he did not see the white pain in her face; and that night when he was sleeping heavily at her side, Maggie's pillow was wet with tears from her wakeful eyes.

So Tom was sick of life, and he was twenty-eight. She was sick of life, too, and she was twenty-three.

"I should want to die if it were not for Mable. Sweet Mable! God forbid that her life be like her mother's. Oh, Tom, dear, dear Tom, why couldn't we have been happy;" and Maggie kissed softly through her tears the hair she had failed to brush in the evening.

If Tom had only awakened then; if he had only known the tumult in Maggie's heart; but he slumbered on unconscious of her pain, and the next day life went on at the cottage in the same rut.

And so the summer days went by, each one finding Tom and Maggie drifted farther apart; each one bringing Maggie more care, and leaving her more unhappy; each one finding Tom's heart heavy, and leaving it more pain.

"There is no use of my trying; I can't make her happy," Tom thought, as he saw Maggie growing paler and more impatient, and as Maggie's words grew sharper too, he finally stopped trying to make her happy, but lavished his kindness upon Mable, leaving her to herself and her bitterness.

If Maggie herself had had any lingering desire to make Tom happier, it was quenched by his coldness.

He had told her he was sick of life: so he must be sick of her, too; for she had been connected more closely with his life than anyone else. But the thought never came to her that he could be cured of his malady, and that she could be the means, by reviving the tender little ways, that wrapped in their grave clothes, lay buried deep in her aching heart.

She never thought that Tom hungered for her smile in those summer days; and how was she to know, for Tom was hiding his sorrow under the cloak of indifference, and Maggie's eyes were not sharp enough to pierce through its folds.

She never offered to kiss Tom now, but when he had taken Mable in his arms, kissed her and gone to his work, she would snatch the child to her heart and press time and time again the lips that Tom had kissed.

But how was Tom to know that she wanted his love; how was he to know that she missed his caress when she was so calm and cold, when he came home at night.

He did not know that the barrier between them would have vanished, had he but stooped and kissed Maggie when he passed her; she did not know that Tom's coldness would have melted, had she only laid her hands on his head as she used to do.

Matters stood in this way between them when Tom's sister was put down by the coach at their gate, ready for "a good long visit," as she afterward told Maggie.

Tom's face looked serious as he kissed Anna. He was glad she had come—she would be company for Maggie; but he had not wanted her to know that their life was unhappy.

But Maggie, drawing Anna into another room, threw her arms round her and cried, as she had not done since Tom told her she had failed in her position as a wife—by saying he was sick of life; and far seeing, common-sense Anna saw how matters stood in a moment, and set to work to do what she could to make the burden lighter for each.

She helped Maggie with her housework, and made wonderful inroads into the mending basket; and insisted upon Maggie altering and replenishing her wardrobe, saying to all of her feeble objections:

"Tom likes to see you take pride in looking well." And Anna always had her way in the end. She took no notice of Maggie's coldness to Tom, or Tom's indifference toward Maggie; but still she was watching them both to find out the cause, but she failed.

She saw they were both unhappy, and she resolved, that as she could not find the cause herself, she would ask Tom. So one afternoon, when Maggie had gone over to call on Carry Gordan, Anna took her hat and went out into the garden where Tom was hoeing. She sat down on the grass under the apple tree, and watched him as he struck at the weeds and cut them down, twisting the ribbons of her hat round and round her fingers, waiting for courage to speak.

"Well, Anna!"

She started, and glancing up at Tom, saw him leaning upon his hoe and looking earnestly at her.

"Well, Anna," he repeated, as she did not speak.

"I came to ask you about the trouble between you and Maggie. What is it, Tom?"

A long moment of silence fell between them as Anna finished the question she had come to ask: the question Tom had dreaded from the first; and then sitting down beside her, he said:

"Anna, little sister, I cannot tell you. I do not know myself; unless it is because Maggie don't love me. I think she loved me when we were married, for you know that she might have done better. For that reason I think she loved me then, but she made a mistake in thinking her love would stand the wear of time. I pity her, Anna, and I pity myself, too."

His voice trembled as he talked to her, and as Anna laid her soft, warm hand over his hard one, he pressed it to his lips, and his tears fell upon it.

"I know, Anna," he went on after awhile, "I know that I don't make it as easy for her as I might, but I got tired of trying. She never reproached me for anything, but I had rather she would than to go about looking so sad, and being so cross when I spoke to her. She kept getting cross to me when I tried to talk with her; she left off coming to meet me, and kissing me when I came home, and things keep growing worse. I know when you came that you would see it, that you did see it, and I hated that you should know."

"Tom," said Anna, looking into her brother's eyes, "is this all? Do you know that Maggie does not love you?"

"Well, she never said so in so many words, but she would not act so, if she did love. I can't stand this much longer, Anna, and I am glad of it; Maggy and Mable will [illegible]."

"Tom, my brother, is this true? Do you call [illegible] Have you [illegible] Maggie's attentions [illegible] of which you [illegible] strong and [illegible] It is no need for me to tell you of [illegible] I were. You [illegible] Maggy [illegible] was displeased with you, and you went away and pouted as you used to do with [illegible]

"Why, my dear boy, it is foolishness for [illegible] as you did just now. What would Maggy do without you Tom, do you think?"

"She could go home to her father and after a while marry Charley Davis. He's rich and would be glad to get her," he answered, half cross; for, although he began to think perhaps it was just as Anna said, he did not just like the light way in which she looked at it. His vanity was hurt that Anna did not try to comfort, instead of blame him.

"For shame, Tom, you know Charley Davis is not worthy our Maggy, and you know that she could not get along without you. Don't think of dying, dear, I think there are years of happiness for you both. Have you been to Maggy and asked her to over-look it all and commence again? Have you said anything about it? You are the same Tom that you were when we were all at home. Take my advice, Tom, and go to Maggy. She does love you. It is she that is dying from this, not you. It will require but a word to lift the cloud from your lives, and it is your place, Tom Trevers, to speak that word. If your pride refuse to do it, all I have to say is, that you will sooner or later be guilty of Maggy's death.

"She cannot stand it much longer Tom, and the sooner you give up, the better. I am going in now to get supper, and I want you to think it all over before Maggy comes back," and Anna took her hat from Tom's hands, and went to the house, leaving him alone under the apple tree.

She looked out two or three times, but he had not moved, and she knew that he was "thinking it all over."

As Maggy came in, she saw him get up and go toward the barn and a sudden [illegible] to her.

"Maggy," she said, putting her head inside the cupboard in pretended search for something, "I wish you would go to the barn and get some eggs. I would like to make a custard, and Mary always [illegible] to do as Anna and put her hat on again and walked out on her errand. [illegible] Speckle-eyed, and stole her nest over near the [illegible], and spread her wings wide, clucking [illegible].

"Maggy, be sure and get [illegible] eggs. If she [illegible], said Tom, coming up behind her; and Maggy, looking round, saw that Tom had been weeping.

"Maggy, darling [illegible]

"Don't say a word Tom. It has been my fault, I——" but she was crying with Tom, now.

An hour after, when they sent Anna in the hall, she knew from the happy light in their faces, that they were at peace, and that her mission was ended.

WALKING STICKS.—Formerly a branch for defensive purposes, a Crusoe on the living bones of an unknown island, would become one of the first natural primitive men. A man in support of this is well seen before [illegible] the pilgrim staff, a [illegible] of the pastorals, and from these days stayes down to the [illegible] of our modern days, when a variety of walking sticks have been produced, suiting to the fancy and taste of the time. When, in 1701 [illegible] gentlemen wore [illegible] swords, those canes were [illegible] replaced by [illegible] and was then discarded. Forty years later, gentlemen of London began to discard their swords and to carry oak sticks with great heads, and tight knees carved thereon. Before very long, a competition arose between long and short walking-sticks, some of the gentlemen being seen as long as leaping poles, and some of the day tells us; while others paraded a wand of varnished cane [illegible], loaded at one end with wax turned, and capped at the other with a neat turned ivory head as big as a silver penny."

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, Sick Headache, etc. are promptly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as general laxative, they remove all irritating material from the bowels, gently stimulate the vital secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore those organs to a healthy condition.

New Publications.

A work which we can highly commend to those wishing to learn the art, is "Primary Phonography," by Miss Ida C. Cauldock, Teacher of Phonography in Girard College. It is based on the Pitman system, but everything in the way of diagrams, rules, instruction, etc., is made so clear and simple that, totally unlike most books on the subject, it is an absolute pleasure to study and practice its teachings. The idea kept uppermost throughout is to so accustom the student to the primary forms of writing by sound, that abbreviations and other accessories in the way of speed can afterwards be understood and familiarized without difficulty. The excellence of the work in these respects has been also maintained in the fine printing, binding, etc.

A book that will be read with avidity by the medical profession has been issued by Dr. Seth Pancoast, of this city. Its title is "What is Bright's Disease? Its Curability." No affection to which flesh is liable has so defied the efforts of physicians to understand its nature, and the writer of the present volume has accomplished a great deal towards desired results in his clear, compact statement of the results of his investigations. It is finely printed and extensively illustrated. For sale by the author, 917 Arch street. Price $1.00.

"Castle and Town," by Mary Frances Peard, is a more than ordinarily interesting novel of German [illegible] It is one of the [illegible] for some time. The story opens in a most engaging manner, and continues increasing in attractiveness to the close. The types of [illegible] character depicted have the merit of probability as well as interest, and are both a fair reflection of contemporaneous German noble and commercial society. Apart from these excellences the story is one that combines excitement without excess of melodrama, and the language appears always tasteful and apt. It can be conscientiously commended as a good story. In paper covers. Price 60 cents. Lippincott & Co.

"The Pettibone Name," by Margaret Sidney. The V I F series. If the publishers had offered a prize for the brightest, freshest and most brilliant bit of home fiction wherewith to start off this new series, they could not have more perfectly succeeded than they have in securing this, "The Pettibone Name," a story that ought to create an immediate and wide sensation, and give the author a still higher place than she now occupies in popular esteem. The heroine of the story is not a young, romantic girl, but a noble, warm-hearted woman, who sacrifices wealth, ease and comfort for the sake of others who are dear to her. Most of the characters of the book are such as may be met with in any New England village. Taken altogether, it is a delightful story of New England life and manners; sparkling in style, bright in incident, and intense in interest. It deserves to be widely read, as it no doubt will be. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston. Price, $1.25.

"A Fascinating Woman," by Madame Edmond Adam, cannot help attracting a very large share of attention in this country, as it is a novel of peculiar power and interest. Notably original, both in matter and treatment, it never for a moment relaxes its fascination, which begins on the [illegible] page. The story is a masterpiece in every point of view, has been excellently translated, retaining all its Parisian flavor, and it will certainly be read and admired by thousands. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. Price 75 cents.

"The Reading Club and Handy Speaker." Edited by G. M. Baker. This is an excellent selection of serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic selections, in prose and poetry, for readings and recitations. The various pieces are of more than usual merit, as the mention of the following will show: Union of Blue and Gray, by Paul H. Hayne; "A Court Lady, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Death of Steerforth, Dickens; Young Grimes, by B. P. Shillaber; and many others of equally good authorship. Ninety-nine pages. Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.

The "Illustrated Art Notes," upon the fifty-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy have been issued in a neatly-printed volume of 100 pages. It contains 135 illustrations of the best pictures, brief descriptive notes upon the pictures, brief paragraphical sketches of the artists, a plan of the Academy, and diagrams of the galleries, etc. It is edited by Charles M. Kurtz, who has performed his work well. Price, 35 cents. Cassell, Potter & Galpin, Publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

The contents of *Arthur's Home Magazine* for May are such as must interest all readers. They embrace an excellent collection of short stories, poetry, miscellany, etc., while the various household departments are filled to overflowing with useful suggestions.

Lippincott's Magazine for May opens with an article on the Ranches and Ranchers of the Far West, by George Rex Buckham, which is beautifully illustrated, and gives a lively and instructive description of pastoral life in Wyoming Territory and other parts of the Northwest. The Land of Cotton, by William L. Murfree, Sr., is a still more instructive paper. In an article on Sea-Serpents, C. F. Holder, of the American Museum of Natural History, revives the testimony of observers in regard to the actual existence of such creatures. William H. Rideing writes with knowledge and impartiality of Things in Which We Differ from the English. Edward C. Bruce has an excellent and suggestive paper on Our Flower Gardens, and Miss P. D. Nott gives an entertaining sketch of A May-Day on the Simplon. In the way of fiction, besides the serial, Stephen Guthrie, there are three short stories, The O'Shaughnessy Diamonds, Mr. Shaddock's Elopement, and Two Quaker Weddings. The poetry, by Miss Frances L. Mace, Howard Glyndon, and Charlotte Fiske Bates, is appropriate to the season, and the Gossip and literary notices should not be overlooked. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Wide Awake for May is a treasury of entertaining and educational reading. It opens with a poem on Longfellow, by Whittier, accompanying a fine portrait of the dead poet. Following Mrs. Cooke's poem, What A Shame! is a capital story of a young midshipman's adventure, entitled Lost in Pompeii. The boys have several other good things in the number, among them: "The Carib Captain's Story, and The Kinkipaws. They also, as well as the girls, will enjoy the two serials, Their Club and Ours, and From the Hudson to the Nova. Other good stories are A Vexed Question, Polly's Nest Egg, and Candle Ends, a story of old Boston. Mr. Arthur Everett Hale's Club of Contemporaneous History give a costume party. A goodly space, as befits a May magazine, is given up to nature and flowers. Miss Harris has her Wild Flower Papers, No. II, with nine exquisite Illustrations by Miss Humphrey, and there is a blue-bird poem, and a dandelion poem and an arbutus poem, and an apple blossom poem; and in the way of music, Prof. Payne, of Harvard College, has set, deliciously, Charles Kingley's perfect little poem, popularly known as "Ho Good, Sweet Maid, and Let who will be Clever. The sixteen pages of Chautauqua Readings are of a high excellence, and very finely illustrated. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

In the *North American Review* for May, Carl Shurz, treating of Party Schisms and Future Problems, presents many well-considered observations. Days with Longfellow, by Samuel Ward, contains personal reminiscences of the beloved poet just deceased, extending over a period of forty-five years. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in an article entitled What does Revelation Reveal? seeks to prove that the objections brought against the Bible by modern unbelievers are based upon a misconception of the true intent and scope of the sacred volume. Lieutenant-Commander Corringe writes of The Navy, with abundant knowledge of its needs. W. H. Mallock, the well-known English essayist, in the first of a series of Conversations with a Solitary very ingeniously contrives to put the advocates of democracy and modern progress in the defensive. Finally, Gail Hamilton contributes a paper, The Spent Bullet, in which science, the pulpit and the law are with exquisite wit taken to task for the part they respectively played in the Guiteau-Garfield tragedy. "The North American Review," New York.

In that splendid publication, *The Magazine of Art*, for May, are a number of subjects magnificently illustrated, any of which is worth the subscription price in itself. The most we can do is merely to give their titles. They are The Angelus, full-page Illustration, by Millet; Old Crome, 3 engravings; "More About Bells," 5 engravings; The Year's Awakening, 5 engravings; A Treatise on Wood Engraving, 9 engravings; The Artistic Aspect of Modern Dress, 7 engravings; The Art of Savages, 9 engravings; Pictures of the Season, 6 engravings; The Dedication of a Home, 7 engravings; Art Notes, etc., etc. Cassell, Potter & Galpin, New York. Yearly subscription, $3.50; single number, 35 cents.

The Popular Science Monthly, for May, contains: Methods and Fruit for Tree-Planting, Professor Goldwin Smith as a Critic, by Herbert Spencer; Monkeys, by Alfred Russel Wallace; The Development of the Senses; The Stereoscope, Illustrated; Movements of Men, by Francis Galton, F. R. S.; Liberty of Thought; A Reply to Miss Hardaker on the Woman Question, by Nina Morais; The Genesis of the Sword, Illustrated; On the Diffusion of Odors, Color-Blindness and Color-Perception, Stallo's "Concepts of Modern Physics," The Tree that Bears Quinine, Sketch of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., with portrait; Entertaining Varieties; The Mountains of the Moon, The Chronicles of Hakim Ben Sheytan, etc.; Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany, and Notes. It is unnecessary to refer to the excellence of this publication, for, as is well known, there is not a better of its kind published. Appleton & Co., New York.

The contents of the *Sanitarian*, for April, are: "The Medico-Legal Society of New York, Inaugural Address," "Reasoning Mania, its Medical and Medico-Legal Relations, with Special Reference to the Case of Cornell," "Mortality of Insanity," "Progress of Sanitary Protection," "How a City Council Health Board Deals with Small-Pox," "Corrosion of Lead by Lime," "Sanitation in the United States," "Editor's Table," which contains much that is useful, and other interesting departments. *The Sanitarian*, New York.

Vick's Illustrated *Monthly Magazine* for April is no better than its previous issues for the same reason that in the way of excellence having reached the highest note; there is no [illegible] for any deserving journal. As a guide on floral matters, it cannot be excelled. $1.25 a year. James Vick, Rochester, New York.

HERE rests his head on the lap of earth, a youth to fortune and to fame unknown. Fair science frowned not on his humble birth, and melancholy marked him for her own. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere, heaven did a recompense as largely send: he gave to misery all he had, a tear, he gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend. No further seek his merits to disclose, or draw his frailties from their dread abode (there they alike in trembling hope repose), the bosom of his Father and his God.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Barre Plains, Mass., April 8, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I was prepared to believe that an old established publication would not risk their reputation on a mere pretentious affair, but the result has far exceeded my expectations. It really seems to me that in delicacy of expression, and in coloring, it must surpass the original painting, since, as it would seem, the mechanical art is more severely true than the lightest touch of the hand of the artist. My husband often stops to gaze upon it, and ejaculates, "This is the most beautiful picture I ever saw!" In a word, it is perfect in every detail—whether in the delineation of expression as seen in each individual character, their surroundings, [illegible] figure of the room, the pose of each [illegible] the household—all are true to life, and so natural as to defy criticism.

ELIZA J. HEYWOOD.

Springfield, W. Va., April 10, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is very pretty. Will show it, and expect to get you some subscribers; but there are so many cards of chromos sent out with papers that people are getting tired of them; and no wonder. I was a little backward about investing in yours, fearing it might prove a poor investment; but I am agreeably surprised, and find it worth far more than the subscription price alone. It cannot help giving satisfaction.

JOHN C. NEWMAN.

Deermanville, Ala., April 6, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," [illegible] order I stood. I have [illegible] every one of them unite with me in saying it is the finest picture of the kind they ever saw. Will do all in my power to increase your subscription list.

LIZZIE DAVENPORT.

Cherryville, Pa., April 9, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. All who have seen it pronounce it the most beautiful premium they have ever seen put out by any publisher. As for myself I think it is simply elegant. Accept my thanks.

C. H. KLEINFELTER.

Brick Church, Tenn., April 7, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations. I have also received copy of your splendid paper. Will see what I can do for you in the way of subscriptions. Expect to get quite a number for you.

W. H. WARD.

Ashmore, Ill., April 9, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. And my friends all think it perfectly lovely—the nicest they have ever seen given as a premium with a paper.

[illegible]

Tupelo, Miss., April 8, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you represented. I would not take twice the amount paid for it. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

JANNIE GRAVES.

Brandon, Minn., April 2, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw. Am perfectly satisfied with it. I will do all I can to enlarge your list of subscribers.

HANNAH BUTLER.

Hedge City, Mo., April 7, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. It is much nicer than we expected. It shall have an elegant frame, and hang it in a conspicuous place.

Miss R. E. CLARK.

Oregon, Mo., April 8, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful—truly magnificent. You cannot imagine how much I appreciate it. I will show it to all our neighbors, and get all the subscribers that I possibly can.

S. POTTERY.

Beaver Creek, Ill., April 10, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its [illegible] beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown the picture around, and it delights everybody.

MRS. LUCY MOORE.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 8, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture admire it. Many thanks.

MARIA B. SMITH.

Stockbridge, N. Y., April 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your [illegible] premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. It is so natural and lifelike. I am more than satisfied.

CHAS DEWEY.

Depot, [illegible] April 7, '82

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and like it, and every one who [illegible] with it. You certainly deserve success.

M. W. MORRISON.

Dewitt, N. C., April 9, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are pleased with it. It is very beautiful.

MRS E. W. RILEY.

Our Young Folks.

JACK'S BIRD-TRAP.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

"NOW look here girls," said Jack Wilton. "I say you're not to meddle with this trap if I set it."

And he stood and surveyed his two little sisters with the lordly air which boys of twelve not unfrequently assume.

Maggie was nine—Nina was only seven. They had watched the placing of the rough bricks with sorrowful interest, and they regarded the light twig in their brother's hand as one of the most mysterious and horrible engines in the bird-catching line which they had ever heard.

"We won't meddle, Jack," said Maggie; adding timidly, "but when will you come to see if a bird is caught?"

"Oh, to-night, most likely," answered Jack carelessly; "but as it's a half-holiday, perhaps Tom Blake will ask me over to football, and if he does I shall stay all night, and go to school with him in the morning."

"Well, then," exclaimed Nina, turning her big blue eyes on her brother, "you must let somebody look if a bird is caught."

"Nonsense!" said Jack, adjusting his bit of twig cleverly as he spoke, and sprinkling some crumbs on the bricks and in the space they enclosed.

Maggie watched him a minute, and then said, nervously:

"Of course, Jack, you wouldn't like a poor little bird to be shut up all night in the cold."

"What fidgets girls are!"

"It would be frozen," said Nina solemnly.

Jack did not answer—he never liked to let it appear that his sisters' remarks moved him.

He had just completed his work when the bell rang for early dinner.

"There, now," he said, "if I go to Tom's this afternoon, you can run out just before tea, you may go and look if there is a bird in the trap.

"If there is, see if you can get it into this cage, and keep it till I come home. Don't suppose you'll manage it, though—it's sure to fly off!"

"Oh, thank you, Jack!" cried Maggie, relieved to have the chance of visiting the trap; and they all ran in to dinner.

Tom Blake came for Jack, and Mrs. Wilton allowed him to accept an invitation to stay the night.

Secretly the two little sisters were pleased at this, for now they felt no one could prevent their finding out if any poor bird were trapped.

Mrs. Wilton was not strong, and was obliged to spend a good many hours of the day on a sofa; but the cozy old-fashioned drawing-room had many pleasures for the two little sisters, who had books and colored wools and dolls to amuse themselves with, and often their mother read or told them a story.

"Papa is coming home to-night children."

"Oh, mamma dear, how nice!" cried both together.

"Yes, it is nice, for he is to stay at home altogether now."

"Then we shall have drives to the town again," said Nina, clapping her hands, "and see all the shops!"

Maggie was earnestly looking at the clock.

It was ten minutes past four. Might she not just run away quietly, and peep to see if anything were in Jack's trap? Nina, with compressed lips and puckered brows, was evidently trying to master a stitch in crochet, and did not observe her sister leave the room.

It was only a minute's work to put on hat and jacket, and then Maggie sped away under the leafless apple-trees down to the quiet meadow where they had played in the morning.

She was just coming to the trap on tip-toe, when a sound of panting made her look up, and there stood breathless little Nina, without any wraps, beside her.

"You shouldn't have left me at home," she began reproachfully; and Maggie kissed her and said

"I was coming back for you if anything was there. Tread softly."

As Maggie lifted the brick they saw a restless wing fluttering, and she quickly dropped the brick again, looking up with a flushed face at Nina, who was squeezing her little hands together, and trembling.

"We'll get the cage," said Maggie, remembering her promise to her brother, and started off at once to the place where Jack had left it.

With wonderful care the two children managed to get the bird—a poor frightened robin—to fly straight from the trap into the cage.

Then they fastened the door securely, and stood looking breathlessly at their prisoner, who with restless flutter beat against the cruel wires.

"We'll carry him to the schoolroom, and give him some food," announced Maggie; and Nina, whose face had sobered very much, brightened up as she ran beside her.

"He's cold and hungry, poor fellow! Will he like the warm schoolroom, Maggie? It is better, I am quite sure, than being out in the cold."

They soon reached the schoolroom. It was a quaint old room, and the deep window-seats and diamond-paned panes to all the rooms

Maggie fixed a nail as high as she could, and hung the cage on the window.

Jack had several schoolfellows assembled at Tom Blake's, and when they were tired of football they roasted chestnuts and ate oranges in a room which was known as "Tom's Den."

Jack was the only one who stayed all night, and he accompanied Tom back to the drawing-room when the other boys left.

Mr. Blake was talking to another gentleman about the difficulty of protecting wild birds.

"There is scarcely a boy in the parish who does not try to make their number less; and they are so hungry and benumbed by the long frost, that they visit the most barefaced snares the urchins make for them."

"Too bad" replied the other. "I am engaged in a crusade on behalf of the robins just now."

"I suppose you boys don't think it sport to catch starving birds?"

Tom laughed, and shook his head. Jack blushed, and thought of the brick trap at home

In the meantime the hour for bed arrived and Maggie ran unperceived to the schoolroom, and stirred a bit of coal on the fire, which threw out a cheery light.

Then, with just a glance at the cage, and putting her hands on her ears to avoid hearing the fluttering wings, she ran up to bed.

Nurse never left a light, and Nina was sometimes wakeful; so Maggie, who was very tender in her love for her little sister, often talked to her till she fell asleep.

On this night Nina did not talk, but she kept awake and heard her father arrive home.

He came up all frosty and muffled up, and kissed his little girls, whom he had not seen for two months.

By-and-by the house grew all still, and Maggie slept peacefully until the voice of Nina roused her.

"Maggie, Maggie dear, do open the curtains, for there's a moon to-night."

Maggie sleepily roused herself, and pulled up the blind and parted the curtains. Then the moon-light poured through the lattice windows, and made a silver patchwork on the floor.

Maggie was just going to sleep again when she heard Nina sob.

"Go to sleep, Nina, or I'll call nurse."

"No, no Maggie dear. I've only just thought of something," cried Nina tearfully. "To-morrow is Valentine's Day."

"Well, what is there to cry about if it is? We're sure to get some valentines."

"It isn't that, Maggie," persisted Nina—and the restless little figure slipped out of bed, and ran across to Maggie's side—"but—that—poor little robin! I do wish he had not been caught!"

Sleepy Maggie sat up, only half understanding, but spoke sternly:

"Go back to bed, Nina; you'll catch cold."

"I'll go to bed, Maggie, and be quite good if you'll only go down and let the robin go," pleaded Nina.

"Jack will be angry," said Maggie, who had been longing for the same thing before she went to bed.

"Never mind. I'll tell Jack I begged you to do it."

And slowly Maggie got up, and put on dressing-gown and slippers.

"Are you afraid to go down alone, Maggie? Shall I come?" asked Nina, showing unmistakable signs of relief when her offer was refused.

Very quickly went the light footsteps over the creaking stairs, but light as they were, the sound caught the ears of Major Wilton, who was sitting up alone in the dining-room.

He gently followed the little figure, thinking Maggie was walking in her sleep. He saw her undo the shutters and window, and then unfasten the bird-cage, and away flew the robin.

Then the window was made fast again, and the child turned her wide-awake face, and started at seeing her father so close to her.

In a few words he heard her story and Nina's little romance. Then he carried her up to bed.

The morning light came early through the uncreened lattice window, and when Maggie sleepily unclosed her eyes, she saw Nina sitting up in her little bed, looking out earnestly.

"Don't you hear them, Maggie?" she asked.

"Hear what?" drowsily inquired Maggie, who was not of an imaginative temperament.

"Why, the dear birds; they've been singing since the first little bit of light came.

"I must get up," said Maggie, and she looked out at the bare apple-trees as she arose. "The frost is all gone. No more skating for Jack."

Nurse arrived with the appliance for Nina's toilet.

"It won't be cold to your bath this morning, dear, and you should make haste and see what a second breakfast the birds are getting in the garden after the rain."

Up jumped Nina, crying joyously:

"Oh, nurse, how glad I am! because they will have all things they like for their breakfast, instead of only crumbs.

"And they ought to, for it is Valentine's morning, you know."

Nina finished her dressing, and the postman's horn now sounded, and down rushed Maggie to claim the big square envelopes, of which her father was carefully reading the address.

"There are four for you, Maggie, and only one for me!" said Nina, rather sadly.

"And three for Jack," said Major Wilton; adding, "I had forgotten the day, but I am going to the town after lunch—no; you can't come—and I will bring home a valentine for each of you."

By-and-by Jack came home, and Maggie, with some hesitancy, told him of the bird that had been captured, and how Nina had cried in bed till she promised to let it go. Greatly to Maggie's surprise, Jack exhibited no annoyance, on the contrary, he looked rather relieved.

"Don't you mind, then, Jack?" she asked.

"Well, no; it doesn't matter now. I don't know what I set the trap for."

Maggie was silent a minute, and then observed, half to herself, "I heard mamma saying that some French people said an Englishman was never happy except when he was killing something."

"Don't you get too clever for your age, my dear," continued Jack, as he walked off to the garden, leaving Maggie somewhat red and confused.

Then Nina joined her, and they both wondered what their father's valentines would be like.

"It was getting dusk when Major Wilton came home.

"Papa!" cried little Nina, in great excitement, "what are you holding so high?" It was a bookseller's parcel, which when opened was found to contain two beautiful books, full of colored pictures of birds. Nina received the English, Maggie the foreign collection, and both were silent with delight until their father's voice broke the spell.

"I thought I would bring you as good a valentine as you sent away—you and Maggie," said he.

"We haven't sent any, papa," exclaimed the bewildered children, and Jack drew near for he had not heard the whole story.

Major Wilton took Nina on his knee, and put an arm round Maggie; then he said very mysteriously:

"Once there were two little girls who watched somebody who was thoughtless enough to set a trap for a poor bird."

Jack fidgeted uncomfortably.

"The little girls thought all somebody did was right, as a rule, and when somebody went away to amuse himself, they were obliged to keep safe a frightened little prisoner for him.

"However, when night came, a little girl in bed remembered that the next day was Valentine's Day, and her tender little heart felt sorry to think that one poor little bird was made fast in a cage downstairs."

Then Major Wilton kissed her, and said:

"It was a kind thought, and if little birds can think, that robin must be grateful. Freedom is God's gift—remember and act on that without fear.

"You sent the robin, that was your valentine, and these bird-books are mine.

"Never try to snare birds, Jack; we need them all in our fields and hedges."

Jack promised, and kept his word.

Next morning Maggie and Nina saw what they declared was their own robin hopping on a garden-stove with a fat worm in his mouth.

"The dear fellow!" whispered Nina delightedly; "he isn't eating, I'm sure. Maggie he's taking it home to his mate."

SHE MARRIED HIM.

BY T. R. L.

A GREAT reverse of fortune, one of those catastrophes which bankers meet with every day, precipitated Madame de Pons from the height of a most brilliant position in society to the most humble fortune.

The splendid salons of Madame de Pons were reduced to one small garret in the Marais, and yet it was too large for the number of those who came to share her bad fortune.

After the death of her husband, who blew out his brains as a compensation to his creditors, Madame de Pons found her circle of acquaintance much reduced.

For all that, the Count de Marigny, who had been an old friend of M. de Pons, remained still the friend of the wife.

Madame de Pons was a fine woman. M. de Marigny was a man of distinguished appearance; he was the indispensable at every ball, the most elegant centaur in the Bois de Boulogne, tied the best neckcloth, and wore the finest diamonds—in fact, he was a man of the first fashion.

Reverse of fortune is the only affliction, the pangs of which, in a vain mind, no philosophy, of whatever kind, can allay.

Far from getting weaker, they increase with age; thus Madame de Pons felt keenly the loss of that society, where she had been almost worshipped.

There remained to Madame de Pons an uncle, immensely rich, and without children, and who had brought her up as his own; but this uncle, hard-hearted and unrelenting as adversity itself, seemed to consider the misfortune of her husband a crime in his niece.

He forgot that his kindness might dry up her bitter tears, and not get sin, coming to the assistance of his legal, proved to him that misfortune is a crime, and indulgence the accomplice of that crime, and that the best way of avoiding all the cares of life was to have no sense of kindness but for those who were fortunate.

Sentiments as these, did the uncle of Madame de Pons reply to the letter which informed him of the miseries which overwhelmed her, and I make no secret, that he would do pardon her, by his will, of that part of his fortune destined to the members of the family of which she had proved unworthy.

Her self-love thus assailed, her vanity wounded, she had need of all the attentions all the love of the count, to console her. This change of fortune, the injustice of her family, were, of course, the text of their conversation.

Another circumstance happened to increase her sorrows.

M. de Marigny informed her that it was necessary he should go on a journey to regulate some family affairs.

She perceived in this departure a certain constraint, an absence of mind, which led her to suspect it to be a pretext; and when you are in misfortune, suspicion changes so quickly to certainty, that she could no longer support it—she fainted. With much difficulty the count persuaded her of his truth, and left her.

After a lapse of two months, an attorney called on Madame de Pons, announced to her the death of her uncle, and presented to her a will, by which she was appointed his sole heiress. What would she think? She was more surprised at this sudden change in her uncle's last disposition of his property, than in the immense change it would make in her fortune. This excellent uncle had made up for his former faults so well, that she sincerely lamented him.

A few days after the Count de Marigny returned to fill the measure of her happiness, which wanted but his presence.

During a few weeks, Madame de Pons, happiness appeared complete; she had regained her position in society, the man she loved was near her, her house had become the rendezvous of fashion, her vanity and her heart were alike satisfied.

But in a few days longer, with that acuteness which a woman always exercises in regard to the conduct of him she loves, she perceived that there was no longer room to doubt that, since his return, the character of the count was totally changed.

She mentioned this to him at first vaguely—but one evening when they were alone, and in that intimacy which allows us more easily to enter into the sorrows of a friend, she pressed him closely on the subject.

The count rose from his seat, and taking from the chimney-piece a cup of beautiful porcelain, "What would you say, Amelia, if, at one below, I should dash to pieces this elegant vase?"

She rose up in terror, and seizing his hands, exclaimed, "What is the matter? In the name of heaven, conceal nothing from me!"

The count rose, and recovering his calmness, said—"Now I am able to speak; sit down, Amelia, I will tell you all."

Pale and breathless with doubt, she sat opposite to the count.

M. de Marigny took both her hands in his and fixing on her a magnetic look, said, "There are but three resources left me, Amelia."

"Yes, Amelia, either you marry me to-day or I ruin you to-morrow."

"But this fortune," replied Madame de Pons, with terror, "I possess from the bounty of my uncle; it belongs to me, entirely to me.

"Your mind is wandering, my friend; tell me frankly your situation, if you are in want of money, if any delay——Tell me; you should not refuse to your best friend the pleasure of obliging you. What do you require?"

"The whole of your fortune: and since you wish for an explanation, listen: You know, Amelia, that I became acquainted with your uncle when he was here; he took notice of me, and expressed a wish to see me at his house at Baden.

"His hardheartedness to you, the disdain which had driven him from your family, those regrets at the change in your fortune which caused those tears, which you vainly endeavored to conceal from me—all those sorrows, which it was out of my power to remedy, increased the love I bore toward you. I could not bear to see you wretched, humiliated, unhappy, rejected from society; I pretended business of consequence; it was yours—I set off alone—I watched the motions of your uncle, who, I knew, was about to go to the waters of Baden.

"Three days after my arrival, he departed for that place.

"I followed at a distance of two stages. Arrived at an inn, I feigned an illness which the ignorance of the physicians quickly changed to a real malady.

"I had feigned such an illness that it was but natural I should put my affairs in order.

"A notary was called in, I took the name of your uncle, made a will in his name, and the testament which appointed you sole heiress was enregistered in the proper form.

"Next day I got better and went to Baden; your uncle and I renewed our former acquaintance—we were inseparable.

"One day, just as dinner was over, after a conversation which I had endeavored to make as animated as possible, I took a pinch of the *Macouba*, the excellence of which your uncle much admired.

"I offered it to him. Scarcely had he smelt it, when he fell dead on the spot."

"Oh horror!"

"Among people of rank, an accident of this kind is always a fit of apoplexy.

"Just so was this; but it was caused by a tremendous and deadly acid, which was concealed in the double bottom of the snuff-box. Now, then, Amelia, you know to whom you owe your fortune.

"But remember, that if I have gone thus far to get it for you, think you that I will stop at anything to take it from you? The facts are now before you clearly, the necessity plainly demonstrated. I begin again. Behold, anew I offer you my hand in exchange for your fortune!

"Decide, Amelia, or in an hour all Paris shall know how it was obtained."

She married him.

Grains of Gold.

Deprecate no one—an atom has a shadow.

The present is the living sum total of the whole past.

Nonsense is to sense as shade to light—it heightens effect.

Self-denial is one of the first laws of Christ's kingdom.

It is better to be the credit of a mean post than the shame of a high one.

The becoming graces: Devotion, patience, courage and fortitude.

A soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitants to ruin runs.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable, and gratitude a thread.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.

An angel incapable of feeling anger must envy the man who can feel and yet conquer it.

He who obeys with modesty, seems worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skilful direct it.

We are overrated by some, and underrated by others. We are rarely rated as we should be.

Integrity and uprightness will preserve us, and will clear themselves, as the light of the morning.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.

The greatest suffering is to be found in the higher classes—men bleed involuntarily on ascending mountains.

Memory is the only paradise we are sure of always preserving. Even our first parents could not be driven out of it.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

There is no harm in not being a great man, but there is much in trying to appear one without the heart and mind of greatness.

Power, in its quality and degree, is the measure of manhood; scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power.

Joy flutters past us like a gay and harmless butterfly, but, unfortunately, often lays eggs which engender devouring caterpillars.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarity for which no accomplishments can ever atone.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity.

If you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of man, you must learn to fix your eye on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it.

Every burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck, yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl-divers, which enable them to reach their prizes and arise enriched.

Ambition makes the same mistake concerning power that avarice does concerning wealth: she begins by accumulating power, as a means to happiness, and she finishes by continuing to accomplish it as an end.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and of farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menacing taunt—the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

Never sacrifice a right principle to obtain a favor. The cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it by all odds. A little self-denial is better than dishonor.

In the knowledge of God is the only true wisdom; in the service of God, the only true freedom; in the love of God, the only true felicity; and these are all so vast, that though they have their seed-time on earth, room for the harvest can be found only in heaven and eternity.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

Works of piety and charity should, like water from a fountain, flow spontaneously from the gratitude and benevolence of a believing heart, and not require to be extorted with importunity like the toil and trouble of drawing water from a deep well. "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Femininities.

Don't make a fright of yourself to be in fashion.

Don't pick up chance acquaintances on the street.

A South Carolina lady has made feather fans of the value of $1,500.

To be truly conspicuous, you must conceal yourself behind your work.

Natural sunflowers and lilies are now used by florists to decorate drawing-rooms.

No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant.

Written in a album: "A pretty woman has not always youth, it is true, but an ugly woman is never young."

What did the young lady mean when she said to her lover, "You may be too late for the train, but you can take a bus?"

A cynical Frenchman says women like balls and assemblies as a hunter likes a place where games abounds. The wretch!

Women always endeavor specially to overcome in their children the defects of their husbands and of their husbands' family.

The woman who has not time to mend her children's stockings is working night and day on a patchwork quilt for the next fair.

A young lady attending balls and parties should always secure a female chaperone until she is able to call some male chap her own.

Artificial flowers are coming into vogue for funerals. The fashion was set by a Brooklyn widow, who has made the same wreath do for three husbands.

There is said to be a fellow in a Western village who is habitually so sleepy that his curiosity cannot be awakened. Such is not the case with his wife, however.

The religious revival in Kentucky has been so thorough and general that the fashionable young women use note paper bearing the legend "Praise the Lord."

Women have been allowed to vote for School Commissioners and Town Clerks for two years past in Vermont, but very few of them avail themselves of the privilege.

The Texan young men are said to rate the Texan young women as they do their cotton: good ordinary, good middling or middling fair, according to the comparative lustre of their charms.

A daughter of the late President Johnson manages a farm near Albany, Texas, with such economy and success that a prosperous future is already insured the President's two grandchildren.

Mrs. Brooks of Indianola, Iowa, sold her husband's ever-alls to a ragman, the other day, and fortunately the rag man was found in time to recover $100 which had been put in the cast-off garment.

"One must either grow old or die," says George Eliot. But the theatrical star of the feminine gender doesn't agree with her. Some of them haven't grown a day older since 1860, and they still live.

A prominent physician says that if mothers did not take up the senseless prattle of babies and hurl it back at them under the plea that it is "baby talk," children would learn sooner how to talk plain.

Deacon Jones was happy indeed when he was told that his daughters, the dear girls, had gone to the revival. Their mother didn't tell him that it was a revival of Pinafore. Possibly she didn't think it necessary.

"The Boston papers say the girls of that city have begun to wear police helmet hats. Then should the Boston papers warn the Boston girls. If they go to imitating the Boston police they will never catch a man."

A Cincinnati paper asks, "When ladies kiss are they really doing to each other what they would that men should do to them?" Why, certainly they are, and this gush towards each other is only for practice and as a decoy.

"How do I manage to rid myself of bores?" said a woman of the world. "Nothing is easier. When I want to send a man away, I talk to him about myself. When I want him to stay indefinitely, I talk about himself."

Vienna has lately made a heroine of a young woman who has already served more than half of a seven years' sentence of imprisonment for the murder of a female friend. A soldier in an Austrian regiment has just confessed that he is the guilty person.

A Louisville belle, introduced something of social novelty recently. She gave a knitting party and the number and variety of the dainty trifles worn by the deft fingers of her fair guests would have made the industrious dames of a century ago turn green with envy.

An Ohio man turned his wife out of doors on an intensely cold night because she wished to discharge a pretty servant girl. She crawled into a hay loft and nearly froze to death. Next day some neighbors dipped the husband into a barrel of molasses and then rolled him in a heap of feathers.

The women in the Montreal jail, the other day, broke into revolt against the authorities, and the sisters of charity being unable to quell them with their three keepers were obliged to send to the guard for reinforcements. The latter sent over a posse of men, and these found that the women had armed themselves for the fray. After a sharp fight, in which one of the male guardians was knocked down with a chair in the hands of a virago, the women were each imprisoned separately.

A lady with "two strings to her bow" is by no means rare, but it is not often that both strings are played till the very last minute. A Mississippi girl was smart enough to accomplish this, however. A Miss Stayhorn's name having appeared in two marriage licenses issued on the same day at Longtown, an investigation was made, when the young lady explained that, being undecided which of two admirers to choose, she had taken the refusal of both, agreeing to decide between them on the day set for the wedding.

News Notes.

San Francisco has forty Chinese watchmakers.

Fine black and white stripes are to be popular.

A new watered ribbon has rosebuds scattered over it.

A black silk parasol has three rows of bright gold lace.

Among the Washington girls soap-bubble parties are fashionable.

A turtle of sardonyx, set with diamonds, makes a fashionable breastpin.

It is said that a Waco, Texas, hen has a tooth three-fourths of an inch long.

A Venetian glass manufacturer is making a great success of ladies' glass bonnets.

The most prosperous English tradesmen are said to be butchers and photographers.

U. S. Senator Vest, of Missouri, started in life as a reporter for a Louisville newspaper.

A Brooklyn man advertises a powder to "cure cats and dogs of somnambulism." It is put in a gun.

A new law in Kansas forbids any person to marry within six months after procuring a divorce.

The fact of their sending out thirty-three missionaries, looks as if the Mormons did not intend to go.

A young gentleman and a young lady of Tennessee were wedded as they came out of the baptismal cistern.

There are over twenty thousand men and one hundred thousand mules employed in railroad building in Texas.

At the great Romford brewery, near London, five pints of air are allowed daily to each of the 450 men. They drink it all.

A single day's fog recently brought into the treasury of one London gas company nearly $60,000, the price of 75,000,000 feet.

It is estimated that in Great Britain 378,151 persons are engaged in underground work, conducted in galleries extending 58,744 miles.

A Florida lady who has long been confined to her bed, was cured the other day when lightning struck the house. The electricity did it.

A letter-carrier in Meridan, Conn., whose wife has inherited $30,000, still goes his rounds, although the Postmaster has had several applicants for his place.

The manufacture of oleomargarine in St. Louis has been investigated by the Board of Health, and proof was obtained of the use of fat from horses and dogs.

A New York man who had offered $50 to any one who would remove his bunion, now turns around and wants $10,000 because a street-car accommodated him.

The President and the Vice President being wifeless, the wife of the Speaker of the House is said to value her social position as the first lady of the Republic.

A goat disturbed worship in a St. Louis church by trotting up the main aisle, mounting the platform steps, and trying to eat the green fringe of the pulpit drapery.

The dress material for the bride in a Chicago wedding had been purchased by her father in Damascus in 1838. It was fine India silk, and had come fully into fashion again.

A young man was leading a horse in a Michigan town the other morning by the halter, when the horse made a sudden jump to one side, and the severe jerk broke the boy's neck.

An actress of a Chicago theatre so enraptured a susceptible young man in the front row of the balcony that he threw kisses at her continuously, and, as he would not stop, they put him out.

Wood piled in a tank and covered with quick-lime which is gradually slacked with water, is said to acquire great hardness and consistency after the lime has acted upon it for a week or two.

In spite of all that has been said about the Mont Cenis Tunnel, it is reported that the locomotive engineers have to wear mouth-pieces attached to reservoirs of fresh air while traversing it.

The extinction of slavery in Brazil is proceeding very gradually, and it will take more than thirty years to accomplish it. Emancipation began in 1870, but there are still 1,000,000 bondmen in the country.

An Indiana young man thrice procured a license to marry, having twice lost the important document on his way home from the County Clerk's office. His repeated carelessness caused a postponement of his prospective bliss for forty-eight hours.

The execution of two Indian murderers by shooting instead of hanging, in the Indian Territory, a few days ago, was done on the urgent plea of the doomed men. They had an awful dread of the noose, but professed fearlessness to death by the rifle.

Boys in the gallery at a Montreal concert, failing to derive any gratification from the classical music of which the programme was made up, obtained diversion by dropping cushions into the body of the hall. Several bonnets were flattened by the sport.

An Omaha girl, intent on suicide, tied one end of a long rope to her waist and the other to the bridge from which she dropped into the river. Her idea was to prevent her body from being lost; but the rope served the more valuable purpose of saving her life, as a man hauled her up by it.

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A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has the power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

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HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE TIME THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

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Humorous.

It is feared that the enormous manufacture of wooden toothpicks is utterly destroying the forests of America; but, then, the young man who spends all his salary for good clothes must have something to eat.

"Ha, old man, what is this I hear? Gontran has broken his cane over your back!" "Yes, the scoundrel. You see I ran away, and the infernal villain took advantage of this to come up behind and attack me."

"The Doctor Told Me

to take a blue pill, but I didn't, for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggest told me to try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am just as well as ever." Torpid kidneys and liver is the trouble, for which Kidney-Wort always proves to be the best remedy known.—Hartford Courant.

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Correspondence solicited.

Samples and information free.

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COOPER & CONARD,

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Please say where you saw this advertisement.

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FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF

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No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞ If you have either of these troubles

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ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—The friends of persons who have been restored from confirmed consumption by the use of this original preparation, and the grateful parties themselves have by recommending it and acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the article a vast popularity in New England. The Cod-Liver Oil is in this compound robbed of its unpleasant taste, and rendered doubly effective in being coupled with the lime, which is itself a restorative principle, supplying nature with just the assistance required to heal and restore the diseased lungs. Sold by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and all druggists.

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by her beauty, not less than by her purity of character, loveliness of disposition and unselfish devotion. Indeed, in the estimation of perhaps too many men, beauty in a body takes precedence over every other consideration. Beauty thus forms an important part of woman's "working capital," without which too many, (if not bankrupts in what relates to influence within the circle where they move), are powerless for great good. Hence we see not only the propriety but the duty of every lady preserving with zealous care that which to her is essential to success, and influence, and usefulness in life. And since "beauty is but skin deep," the utmost care and vigilance are required to guard it against the many ills that flesh is heir to. Among the great and annoying enemies of beauty,

OF EITHER SEX

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Facetiæ.

In a recent gale a bill-board fell on a man and held him until released. It is common enough for a board bill to fasten a man that way, but this is the first instance on the part of the bill-board.

Fear Not.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and other liver troubles Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has done, and can do.

When the editor of a Kentucky paper saw by the dispatches that ten barrels of whisky were washed away by a flood, he sat right down and wrote a column headed, "Heart-Rending Disaster."

There is no worse enthrallment for tormented man than the exactions of a morbid nervous condition. The over-taxed brain then gets no rest from tranquil sleep, and needs the pacifying influence of Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills.

Dr. Hammond says "the nerves cannot be kept healthy on slops." We dare say not. We have known a pail of slops applied at an inopportune moment to upset the entire organization of a man.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

Force of habit does the business. A Western photographer who stole up behind a man to prod him with a brad-awl, by way of a joke, gave himself away by saying, as he prodded: "Now look natural."

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1. at Druggists.

"Yes," said the Indiana legislator, "our laws on divorce are rather easy, but we must encourage immigration somehow, and it takes a good deal to do that, with fever and ague in the air to buck against."

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There are thirty different fire-escapes to select from, but as none of the inventors ever made a trial from a fifth-story window, with a sheet of flame behind them, the ordinary man is suspicious about investing.

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Men of endurance have healthy kidneys and liver. No aches in the back, no piles or constipation. The cure for these diseases is Kidney-Wort. This great remedy keeps up the tone of the whole body, by enabling the liver, bowels and kidneys to perform their functions perfectly. Both the liquid and dry are sold by druggists.

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It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

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Send for this book to the undersigned, a physician of large experience, endorsed by hundreds of leading citizens who testify to his skill. Send stamp to pay postage to

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One set (6) Silver Steel Tea Spoons, 1 Silver-plated Sugar Shell, ½ dozen colored Japanese Napkins, 1 elegant colored Engraving, The Lord's Prayer, with colored portraits of Washington, Lincoln, Garfield and Arthur, size 19x24 inches. All sent post paid, provided you will cut this out and return with 11 three cent postage stamps to pay postage and packing expenses. Address

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THOUSANDS of references from persons cured. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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Since the reduction of Dr. SHERMAN'S terms, thousands are crowding upon him for treatment, gladly throwing away their griping, irksome, disparaging, and life-paralyzing trusses. His treatment for this affliction makes the patient comfortable and safe in the performance of every kind of exercise or labor. It is a grand thing, and those who are ruptured and do not provide themselves with it must endure the dangers of that precarious affliction and the use of trusses all through life. Thousands of those cured give the most flattering testimonials of gratitude to Dr. SHERMAN. He is the author and inventor of his popular system; he imparts his secret to no one; it is applicable to all classes and cases, and, under his reduced rate, within the reach of almost everyone. Patients can receive treatment and leave for home same day.

Wesley Phillips' Experience with Dr. Sherman's Treatment.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN—DEAR SIR: I am happy to inform you that I am entirely cured of my large scrotal rupture. It is one year ago to-day that I received your treatment. I have tested the cure by going without the appliance. My business is that of a locomotive engineer.

My rupture, as you will recall to your mind, was similar to Mr. Jordan's, in your pamphlet of illustrations.

I was ruptured in the year 1863, while in the army. I have tried spring and elastic trusses with great discomfort and injury, my rupture always growing worse. Finding I must get some relief or give up my business, I determined to try you as a last resort, and I must say that I found your treatment a complete success. My improvement and cure have, considering my terrible condition, surprised my friends as well as myself. During your treatment I have worked hard in my business, enjoying both safety and comfort, and have not lost a day's work. My general health has also improved. I will take pleasure in recommending the afflicted to you whenever I have an opportunity.

You may publish this letter for the benefit of humanity.

My address is No. 211 East 44th street. With best wishes, I remain yours respectfully,

WESLEY PHILLIPS.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 25, 1880.

Levi Lutz About Dr. Sherman's Rupture Treatment.

LANCASTER, PA., March 24, 1882.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN—DEAR SIR: You will remember how terribly I was ruptured on both sides when I called on you for treatment, because you have my photographs. I now write to let you know that you have made of me a new man. The difference in all the essentials that make life enjoyable I can realize, but cannot express in words. At first my ruptures were small, but during thirty years and more got so bad, despite the trusses I used, that God only knows how I suffered. I finally got so bad my only relief was when in bed. This was a terrible condition for one at my age of life to be in. I had no appetite, no social feelings, no ambition; nor could I be otherwise while my bowels were so much out of place. Thanks to your skill and treatment, Doctor; they have restored me, made me strong and vigorous, given me a new lease of life, fitted me for active business, and all the social enjoyments of society. I feel grateful to you, Doctor, and will always take pleasure in recommending the afflicted to your care. Why, if I could convey to them half of what you have done for me, you would be crowded to death with ruptured victims seeking relief. Rupture is a little matter at first, so I thought, but then when it gets bad, oh, how it interferes with all of those enjoyments which make life worth living for.

You may publish this letter, and when any one calls let them see my photographs, then they may be able to realize something of my present happy condition.

Wishing you a long life in your good work, I remain yours truly,

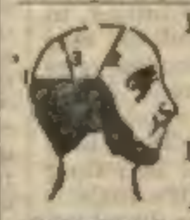
LEVI LUTZ,
215 Lemon street, Lancaster, Pa.

W. A. Hopkins, Ninth National Bank, N. Y., writes a Boston inquirer as follows:

W. H. KIMBALL, Esq.—DEAR SIR: Your letter received and contents noted. I was fully cured of my rupture by Dr. J. A. Sherman about ten years ago; have been a sound man ever since. You may rest assured there is no humbug about the Doctor; that I can vouch for myself. If you are ruptured I would advise you to place yourself under his treatment, as I know you will never have cause to regret it.

Respectfully yours, W. A. HOPKINS,
Ninth National Bank, New York, March 8, 1878.

DR. SHERMAN'S "Book on Rupture" gives convincing proofs from professional gentlemen and others of his successful treatment. It is illustrated with photographic pictures of bad cases before and after cure, and is sent to those who send 10 cents. Principal office, 251 Broadway, New York. Consultation days, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays of each week. Branch offices, 832 Walnut st., Philadelphia, Pa., and 43 Milk street, Boston, Mass. Days of consultation at branch offices will be given on application to principal office.



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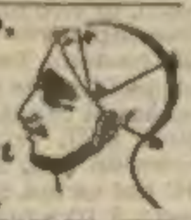

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Package **Roots.** Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening and wholesome **Drink.** Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of 25cts. Address
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70 ALL NEW STYLE CHROMO Cards, beautiful designs, name on 10c. **50** Elegant new designs, the handsomest pack ever sold, with name 10c, or 25 Extra large Chromos 10c. **Gordon Printing Co.** Northford Ct.

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80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 6c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

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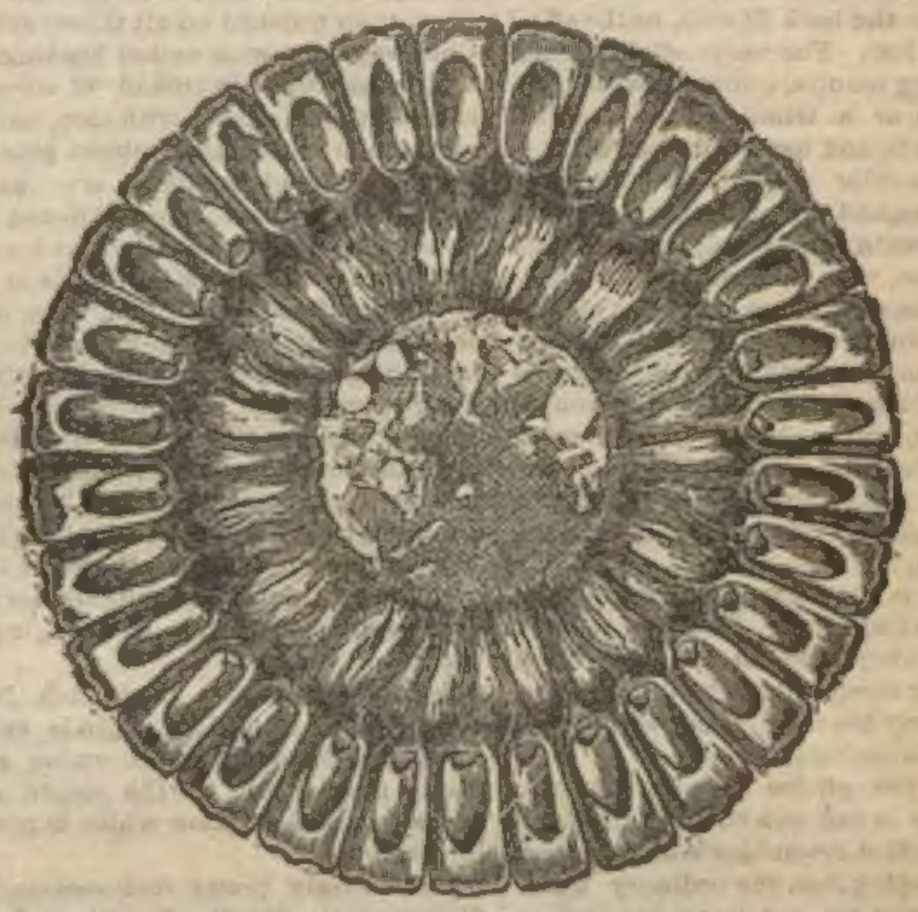

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Several years ago a gentleman, while traveling in Russia, was struck by the perfection of the Corn which he saw. He learned that it was grown in the Province of Bessarabia, and that a return of sixty fold was not an uncommon yield. It was known as the IMPERIAL BESSARABIA. The shortness of the Russian summers, the intense heat of the few summer weeks, and the severe droughts which prevail in Bessarabia during the brief Russian Summer, had led him to believe that it would be impossible to bring Corn to perfection in that climate. It occurred to him that this seed, if transplanted to America from the cold Russian climate must prove very prolific, and withstand the severe droughts which often prevail in the United States. He procured a small quantity of the seed and brought it home with him. The first season after his return he planted this seed himself, and though it proved to be a cold and backward Spring, followed by a long and intense heat and drought, the result more than realized his expectations. The yield was fully One Hundred per cent. greater than that of his ordinary Corn, and it ripened much earlier. The following year he distributed the seed among a few friends in different States for a trial, and in every instance the result was the same. Since then, Corn raised from this seed has been exhibited at numerous State and County Fairs, and in every instance has taken the First Premium.

A small quantity of this seed is now in my possession. The desire is to give it the widest possible circulation among the people. To this end it has been determined to put it up in small packages containing enough seed to plant from fifty to seventy-five hills. This will be enough to insure every purchaser seed sufficient to plant a large field the following season. These packages will be sent postpaid to any address, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, or FIVE PACKAGES FOR ONE DOLLAR. In no case will more than five packages be sent to one address.

As I have but a limited quantity of the seed, those who wish to secure it should send in their orders at once. Be careful in sending your orders, to write your name plainly, and give your address, Town, County and State in full.

For a single package send *25 cents*. If you wish five packages, send *$1.00*, and the seed will be sent by return mail, postpaid. Send one-cent postage stamps. Address,

WM. F. FOWLER & CO.,
742 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

DEALERS IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, SEEDS, ETC.

We have tried this corn on our experimental farms, and find it even better than is claimed for it. No farmer in the United States should miss purchasing a package of Bessarabia Corn.—*New York Agriculturist*, November 15, 1881.

The best seed corn we have ever seen.—*North British Agriculturist.*

The Bessarabia Corn is a very large white corn—in fact, it is the largest corn we have ever seen. A bushel will weigh from two to three pounds heavier than ordinary corn.—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MANTLES with three seams in the back are no longer fashionable, and have quite given place to the more elegant ones with only one seam, which fall gracefully to the figure.

This fashion will certainly last for spring mantles. Many of the models have a large bow placed just below the waist, others have the sleeves draped into the middle seam of the back, richly trimmed with silk ornaments of cord and passementerie tastefully arranged over the seam where the sleeve joins the back seam. We prefer this mantle, as the one with three seams gives to the waist a square look but care must be taken to make the back fit well, or the effect will be quite lost. For very slight ladies, the well-fitting mantle, trimmed with a full pinked ruche, or a trimming of feathers looks very well, and has great success.

Black is the color chosen for the most dressy mantles, and the materials most used for these are satin duchesse, Spanish lace net in the piece, with Spanish lace for trimmings, and the new moire brocades.

The satin duchesse, satin merveilleux, Surah, Rhadames, and other twilled lustrous silks are used for wraps that are trimmed with lace, jets, and chenille fringe; occasionally Sicilliennes, armures, and silks with cords forming bars are used, but the one thing needful is that each must have the lustre of satin.

When wool is chosen for black mantles, it is either camel's-hair or Cheddis; colored satin surah linings are in all nice wool wraps, and for these linings ecru, drab, olive and silver gray are much used, with a few linings of dark cardinal.

For fringes the choice is given to the chenille fringe as full as a ruche, and of the sleek chenille that resembles seal-skin, and wears much better than the ordinary kind. The ribbons used for garniture are almost all of moire, either very wide for the large bow on the tournure, or two inches wide for the bow with long ends worn at the throat, and also for the half-inch ribbons that form small bows of many long loops that are set about in the shells of lace jabots.

The new passementeries are also made of these flexible satin cords, arranged in shapes, diamonds, or chains, rings within rings, etc., and there are also leaf and flower designs. Solid jet passementeries are in similar designs of links and rings, and there are many drop trimmings, some entirely of jet, some mixed with satin cords, that are pendent in lace rosettes, jabots, etc.

For light wool wraps, Manila, and drab Chadda or camel's-hair is trimmed with seal-skin fringe of ruche-like fulness, showing two or three shades, and also with shaded bead passementeries in the new designs of ovals, circles, etc.

Many of the long Mother Hubbard cloaks of last year are worn, with the side seams ripped, and the back slightly gathered up, with satin or moire ribbon tied across it. The fronts are left long and plain. This sets well over full back breadth, and is suitable for evening as well as day wear. The long jackets have plisses of moire let on each side of the opening at the back, to allow for the fashionable tournure, with or without a wide moire bow.

A few dark-colored cloth and ribbed "ladder" plush coats have the high straight collar and cuffs, ornamented with raised gold work.

They are worn over cashmere or cloth skirts, made very simply. The bodices that are pointed in front, and are worn with a broad sash, have the sash beneath the point, passing over the hips and then looped at the back.

For elderly ladies capes are becoming fashionable for day and evening wear. They are in all varieties, usually black lace, unless in real old point. They are only suitable for thin, slight figures, and long dresses. They are worn with V-shaped bodices, the edges turned in.

Wide plush and moire ribbon bows are added at the throat, with the jabot of lace beneath.

There will also be a revival of the cardinal cape, slightly adjusted at the waist, short and fitting rather tightly over the arms. This wrapping, which was much in vogue a few years ago, partakes a little of everything, mantelet, visite, pelerine, etc.; a few have a sort of small sleeve, others a simple opening through which to pass the arms. What chiefly characterizes it is its simplicity of trimming, a mere piping, a pleating, or a single row of fringe forming all the ornamentation. This garment is most effective when made of the shade of the dress, but of a different material.

Collarettes are increasing in size, and these of black lace are peculiarly favored at this moment; they consist of a standing ruffle of black lace, inside which a white lace or tulle pleating is placed; below this is a row of gauged Spanish net forming a stiff collar, below which one or two rows of deep lace finish the ruff.

White cravats are no longer fashionable. White lace scarfs and fichus, however, may be worn round the neck, both for day and evening. Black lace scarves and fichus are worn in the same way.

For midsummer use small fichus of black or of cream white guipure are imported by the leading houses. These are quite small, but will be considered sufficient as a shoulder covering for the street.

Another pretty mantle for summer is the white or black China crape half-shawl, three-cornered, and almost covered with embroidery, then finished on all three sides with Chinese fringe with netted heading.

Morning caps are made of colored silk handkerchiefs, edged with lace, and pinned on the hair with gold knobbed pins.

Pocket handkerchiefs are extremely quaint this season; those affected by the wearers of English Newmarkets are adorned with borders on which the heads of animals are embroidered or printed; other handkerchiefs have designs of a geometric character; and another series show beautiful floral designs printed in natural colors. Embroidery in colors is still largely used for morning handkerchiefs, and there is little variety in evening mouchoirs, save only that they are more richly trimmed with lace and are considerably larger than those of last season, the centre of the handkerchief remaining the same, but the lace edging being deeper.

In mourning the hem-stitch border is edged with a black line which is varied according to the depth of mourning required from a narrow line to the depth of three inches, an exaggeration which is not to be commended.

Exceedingly pretty matinees made of Indian or surah silks lined with soft colored silk, also of eastern origin; the matinees are simply made gauged at the shoulders and back, and down each side of the front; the sleeves are also gauged at the shoulders and again at the wrist. The trimming consists of gathered flounces of the silk bordered with lace and with a little running pattern worked above the hem in blue or coral colored silk. The deep collar is edged with a flounce to match, and a similar flounce forms a coquille down the front.

Flannel skirts are also ornamented with small delicate patterns worked in blue or coral colored silk; the skirt is bordered with a gathered embroidered flounce, and a flounce of lace is sewn on under the scalloped edge of the flannel flounce; a band of embroidered flannel heads the flounce, and all the seams are double stitched with colored silk matching the embroidery; fine white flannel is employed for these jupons. Colored flannel skirts are embroidered with silk to match, or with white silk, and some models have bands of embroidered flannel alternating with lace insertion; a flounce of flannel edged with lace bordering the edge of the skirt; torchon lace is the kind most used for these flannel skirts, which are very carefully cut, gored at the sides, and mounted on to a deep rounded band.

Dressing jackets are made straight in front and semi-fitting at the back, the sleeves are rather loose and the neck is finished off with a deep collar.

Very pretty jackets are made of swansdown pique with deep flounces of embroidery down the front and round the edge, sleeves, collar, and pockets, a frill of similar embroidery standing up round the neck. Flannel dressing jackets are trimmed in the same way as flannel jupons with fine silk embroidery on the flannel flounces and lace insertion and edging.

For young girls of fourteen or fifteen, the pleated skirt is the favorite either kilted or in box pleats, flounces and bouillonnes being used chiefly for their evening dresses. A costume of silver grey woolen material has the skirt covered with two wide pleatings, the long polonaise being open in front and turned back with grenat moire revers to a little below the waist.

The polonaise is double-breasted, with two rows of large silver buttons, a narrow scarf of grey surah being loosely draped on the hips and fixed in front with a moire bow. The upper part of the front of the corsage is cut out square and filled in with a pleated chemisette of surah, parements and collar of grenat moire completing the costume.

Fireside Chat.

DINING-ROOM NOTES.

HOW many times we look at the little plateful of scraps left from yesterday's dinner, and wonder "what we can make of them."

Bits of steak, or roast meat, or chicken, are nicely chopped and put into a stew-pan with enough sweet cream for a nice gravy, with salt to taste, and a very little pepper. Have several slices of bread toasted, and laid on a warm plate, or a few hot biscuits split, or a layer of mashed potato nicely seasoned, and pour the mixture over.

The meat may be warmed with milk, or even water, seasoning nicely, and thickening with a little flower or a beaten egg, giving the toast a generous buttering (if toast be used), which is nicer than to stir the butter into the meat.

There are many ways of preparing salt codfish, which are nice, and a welcome change from the plain boiled, or the fish balls, so generally used, though the plain boiled fish makes a nice dinner when properly prepared. The fish should be very white and thick. Cut a piece weighing two or three pounds from the thick part. Strip off the skin and put the fish in cold water two or three hours. Then put in a kettle with three or four quarts of cold water. It is well to lay in a wire stand, so the fish will not touch the kettle. When the water is hot, if it is too salt, dip it out, and fill up with cold. Heat gradually, and simmer about half an hour.

Prepare a nice drawn butter by mixing half a cupful of butter in a warm dish, which can be placed on the stove, with two tablespoonfuls of flour. When well mixed, pour in a scant pint of boiling water slowly, stirring all the time. Let stand two or three minutes where it will simmer. Boiled potatoes and beets should always be served with boiled fish.

What is left may be hashed for breakfast, with the potatoes and a little of the beet. Season nicely. Moisten with a little drawn butter, if any was left, or milk or water, and an egg well beaten. Heat gem-pans hot; butter them and fill with the hash, and put them in a very hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, or until nicely browned. The cakes brown nicely if a little rolled cracker and bits of butter are put on the top. They should turn out without breaking, be well browned, and made a nice-looking, as well as a palatable breakfast dish.

There are several ways of preparing the "picked up" fish, which we like occasionally. Soak a piece of fish, perhaps a pound over night, or through the morning. Remove all bones, pick it into small pieces, and put it into a frying-pan with water to make sufficient gravy, perhaps a pint. Stir two even teaspoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water, and stir into the fish.

Have them cool, peel, and slice them with a sharp knife, and stir gently into the fish with a tablespoonful of butter. Let it just come to a boil and turn out. When cream is scarce, we prefer this to any other method of preparing. Sometimes when prepared plain with milk, after it is thickened and seasoned we break in eggs, (say one for each person,) let them just cook through; take out carefully and place on a warm platter, and pour the fish over. When prepared with cream soak and pick up the fish, and put it in a stew-pan with cream to make sufficient gravy.

Let it just come to a boil, and stir in a little flour, mixed smooth with milk. Serve as soon as possible. It is very nice with half milk, if cream is not plenty, using a little more flour to thicken with. If I have to use all milk I use very little flour, and just before taking from the fire add two or three eggs well beaten.

In making fish-balls I use cold potatoes and chop them very fine. The usual method of mashing hot potatoes gives them a tendency to the stickiness which spoils fish-balls. Allow one-third of fish chopped fine to two thirds of potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of cream, or two of milk, and one of butter, to three cupfuls of fish and potato, and an egg well beaten. Two or three hard boiled eggs chopped fine, is a great improvement. Make into small cakes, dip into rolled cracker, or better still, crude gluten, and fry a nice brown on both sides, in plenty of fat; they will not be apt to be as greasy as if a little is used. I like butter to fry them in, in which case only a little is necessary, just enough to keep them from sticking.

We sometimes soak a nice piece of fish for several hours, dry with a soft cloth and broil over a clear fire, spread with butter, or pour thick cream over it and serve. This is a nice way to cook smoked salmon or halibut.

Cold fresh fish is nice picked up with less gravy than is used with salt, or it may be cut fine; put a layer of bread or cracker crumbs in a small dish; put bits of butter over it; put in the fish and cover up with crumbs. Pour in carefully half a cup of salted milk. Put bits of butter over the top, and brown nicely in a quick oven.

We make croquettes sometimes by chopping fine the pieces of cold fresh fish; and to a cupful add a tablespoonful of milk, a well beaten egg, a cracker rolled fine, and salt and pepper to season nicely. Fry in butter, a small tablespoonful in each cake, browning nicely.

Another nice way is to boil five or six potatoes; mash them and season as for the table with milk, salt and butter, making it, however a little more moist. Then add a beaten egg, and put half into a buttered baking dish, or tin basin, put in the fish and cover with the remainder of the potato. Put in a quick oven till nicely browned. While the potatoes are boiling, I prepare the fish by cutting it fine, and putting it in a basin with a little butter and just enough milk to soften it, salt to taste—add a little pepper if liked, and place where it will keep warm till wanted. Salt fish, if soaked well, may be used in the same manner, and is very nice.

IMITATE time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproot.

Correspondence.

CHATHAM.—Just at present we are not in need of anything of the kind.

W. L. C., (Franklin, Mo.)—Send it on, and if suitable we will cheerfully use it.

MRS. R. A., (Bristol, Conn.)—Inquire of a dealer in your place. We used the article without knowing where the things spoken of were manufactured.

I. D. G., (Fenton.)—We have all we need in that line; On consideration you will observe that your second question is a matter so purely persona that we could not under any possibility answer it.

G. C., (Canada.)—The term of enlistment in the army is five years. 2. Seventeen dollars per month is the pay. We do not know what pension is given. 3. We cannot tell whether you could enlist there or not, but should think you would have no trouble.

R. H. A., (Des Moines, Ia.)—The new Public Buildings in Philadelphia, when finished, will be the finest in the world. They will also the highest, being 335 feet high, exclusive of the statue of William Penn, which will be 36 feet. They will probably cost $15,000,000.

N. S., (Carthage.)—All you have to do is to ascertain the locality of the officer, and then write to him, stating your business. They are to be found in all large cities. Your best plan would be to write to one of the Cincinnati papers, inquiring for the address of some.

M. E. P., (Chester, Pa.)—Let him know your station in life. If he really has any affection for you it will not alter his conduct towards you; if he has none, the sooner you give up his company, the better it will be for your future happiness. Your position is both honest and respectable.

SUNSCRIBER, (Dayton, O.)—We believe that the boundary between Canada, Washington Territory, Montana and Dakota has been settled. The question was referred for arbitration to the Emperor of Germany—in 1873, we think—and by him settled in favor of the American claim.

JASMINE, (Baltimore, Md.)—What Lord Byron refers to in the passage, 'In the meantime, as Durandarte says in the 'Cave of Montesinos.' 'Patience, and shuffle the cards,' " is the Cave of Montesinos, which has been immortalized by the author of "Don Quixote," who makes the eccentric hero visit it, and encounter Durandarte there. Durandarte was a fabulous hero of Spain, celebrated in the ancient ballads of that country, and in the romances of chivalry. Montesinos was a comrade of Durandarte's, and his name was given to a cave in La Mancha, Spain.

M. E. F.—1. Fractions are considered as numbers broken, or fractured into parts. They are, therefore, as generally spoken of not considered as numbers. 2. We do not understand you. There were few or no Christian colonies that did not to a certain extent use the Bible as a guide. Whether any particular people or sect outside of the Jews ever tried to conform to everything in the Bible we cannot say. 3. No. It can originate bills of any character, except, we believe, those relating to revenue and appropriations. It can make amendments, however, to either. 4. There is no special sum.

READER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The word Agnostic means one who does not know, but the literal construction put upon it conveys a false impression. Agnostic is one who does not know what the solution of the world problem is, but he knows that there is a world problem; one who does not think that the world riddle has been read, but he knows there is such a riddle; one who does not believe that the world mystery has been unveiled, but knows there is such a mystery. The position of the agnostic has been described as that of one who peers into the unknown and says that there is nothing there. On the contrary, he sees that there is something great and awful there, too great and too awful to be expressed in any name of man's invention.

R. S. Y., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We never heard of "a language of umbrellas," but since you you have drawn our attention to the matter it strikes us that it would not be difficult to form one. Here is a small contribution towards such an object: To place an umbrella in a rack is a sure sign that it is about to change ownership. To carry it at an angle under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool." To carry an open umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes, and knock off men's hats signifies "I am a woman." An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the droppings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella, and the woman the droppings, it indicates marriage.

FRANK H., (Michigan.)—There is no immediate necessity for an engagement under the circumstances, although you are both old enough. If you have kept company together four years, another year or two would not make much difference. If lovers cannot be faithful to each other without binding themselves by formal pledges, the quality of their affection is not particularly strong. We take it for granted that you and the lady feel certain of each other's constancy. If the sense of having bound yourself to her will quicken your efforts towards bringing about the circumstances admitting of marriage, of course the engagement is in order. If it—as it does in many cases—while giving you a sort of exclusive claim to her, renders you careless about trying to realize what it implies, you had better let the matter rest, for at least awhile. 2. In this city we should consider a position as bookkeeper to a merchant, who was in the Board of Trade, a very fair situation.

JESSIE BOYD, (Caswell, N. C.)—The custom of a bridegroom's being attended on his marriage by a friend or relative, who is styled the "best man," as practiced at weddings in the present day, is of great antiquity, descending from our Saxon ancestors. In their time marriages were celebrated in the house of the bridegroom. On the day before the wedding all his friends and relations, having been invited, arrived at his house and spent the time in feasting and preparing for the approaching ceremony. Next came the bridegroom's company mounted on horseback, completely armed, who proceeded in great state and order under the command of one who was called the forewistaman or foremost man, to receive and conduct the bride in safety to the house of her future husband. The bride, in her turn, was attended by her guardian and other male relatives, led by a matron, who was called the brideswoman, and followed by a company of young maidens, who were called bridesmaids. The Saxon forewistaman of the ninth century is the prototype of the "best man" of the nineteenth.